

The American Weekly

Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, November 20, 1921

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THANKSGIVING

Painted in oils especially for this page
by VINCENT ADRENTE

WE stand where the past and future meet;
Let us rest a little and count our gains;
We are freed from fears that are obsolete,
We claim the fairest of all domains!
We have shunned the ways it was wise to shun,
We have raised the stricken with tender hands;
Envied by all, and envying none,
We heed no conqueror's harsh commands.

We scan the record with no regret,
Our shield is bright and our fame secure;
Where the tempters thronged and the snares were set
We have held our purpose and made it sure!
We have turned our backs on the sordid things,
Scorning the false, to exalt the true,
And, rich with the honor fidelity brings,
We thank the gods to whom thanks are due.

With Hope to guide, and with courage to see,
We have levelled obstructions that barred our way,
But our greatest glory is yet to be,
That which is done is the work of a day!
Unechecked by fear, to no chariot chained,
We are called by Faith, and by Progress led,
Our pride unshaken, our hands unstained,
Thank God for the promise that gleams ahead!

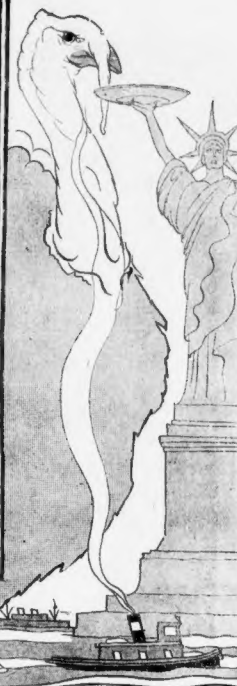
—S. E. KISER.

Why We Eat What We Do on Thanksgiving Day

And How the Turkey Came Mighty Near Being Selected as Our National Emblem on the Great Seal of the United States Instead of the Eagle



Just 300 Years Ago, in the Fall of 1621, the Sturdy Pilgrims Set Apart Their First "Day of Thanksgiving" to Show Their Gratitude "for the Mercies God Had Bestowed Upon Them" and Invited the Neighboring Indians to Dinner Because They Were Behaving Rather Decently Just Then.



If All the Mince Pies Served for Thanksgiving Dinner Were Made Into One Enormous Pie It Would Be Big Enough to Set the Great Madison Square Garden Building Into It and Would Be 34 Feet High.

By Mary Lee Suann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

THE President issues his Thanksgiving proclamation, and the Governors of the States all issue their proclamations, and we sit down on Thanksgiving Day to an extra good dinner—but how many men, women and children understand what it is really all about?

If the reader of this page to-day, sitting comfortable, warm and secure, could look back on his great-great-grandfather just three hundred years ago, when the Pilgrims set apart their first "Day of Thanksgiving," they would realize what we all have to be thankful for—and wonder how they could have felt very thankful about things.

The old Pilgrims in 1621 were living in log cabins, had no coal to heat their homes, had mighty little for food and clothing, and the war-whop of the Indians had been tormenting their ears at all hours of the day and night.

And yet things might have been worse. With a little corn to carry them over the winter and some good bits of chopped wood to keep them partly warm, and the Indians behaving rather decently just then, the God-fearing Pilgrims thought things looked rather encouraging, and they were so thankful for what they had that they set apart the first Thanksgiving Day to show their gratitude "for the mercies God had bestowed upon them."

Historians feel sure that old King Massasoit and some of his Indian braves were invited to that Thanksgiving Day dinner which the busy housewives of the settlers took no little pains to prepare with liberal hands.

On that memorable occasion it is known that these Pilgrim cooks served wild turkeys with cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie and other of the same dishes which we now find on our tables every Thanksgiving Day.

What we eat, dieticians tell us, is largely a matter of habit, and in nothing, perhaps, is the force of habit stronger, more widespread and more uniform in its results than in the case of America's Thanksgiving dinner.

The average American would hardly be satisfied with a dinner on Thanksgiving Day which did not include roast turkey, cranberry sauce and the other foods which custom has taught us to expect then. This is the one meal of the year when the menus in millions of American homes, whether rich or poor, are all more or less alike.



Puritans Going to Church to Express Their Thanksgiving—and Carrying Their Old Flintlocks, with a Wary Eye for Lurking Indians.

When autumn of the year 1621 rolled around it found only fifty of the Pilgrim colony on the shores of Massachusetts Bay left alive after the ravages of cold, hunger and disease. But in spite of all the hardships they had endured and the dangers that were still to come this pitiful little band of survivors felt they still had abundant reason for being thankful.

So Governor Bradford sent out into the woods a party of four hunters "to shoot wild fowl that the homesick infant colony might, after a more special manner, rejoice together."

The results of this hunting expedition explain how it happened that roast turkey formed the principal dish at the colonists' Thanksgiving feast and how we came to get the habit of consuming millions of pounds of this typical American bird every Thanksgiving Day.

The game which Governor Bradford's hunters went after and which they came back with their bags full of was wild turkey—the direct ancestors of the fowls which are now so thoroughly domesticated. The wild turkey was a native of America

and was doubtless one of the first varieties of birds or beasts to be carried back from the new world to Europe by the early explorers. Probably the Pilgrims had tasted their savory flesh many times before that Thanksgiving Day, for the country round about was full of turkeys as well as prairie hens and other game fowls.

So the housewives knew exactly how to prepare the birds the hunters brought in and make them most appetizing. They had none of the chestnuts which they had been accustomed to use in England for the stuffing of fowls, but they found the beech nuts, which the Indians had taught them to eat, a very acceptable substitute.

From the Indians also they borrowed a sauce made from the cranberries that grew in abundance in the swampy marsh lands. Although they did not realize it, this is the one dish which every Thanksgiving dinner needs to prevent its having unpleasant after-effects in the way of indigestion.

As dieticians now tell us the acid of the cranberry counteracts the heavy richness of the Thanksgiving menu and gives it a proper balance.

Celery, which now has a place on nearly every Thanksgiving menu and serves much the same useful purpose as the cranberry sauce, was probably not included in the feast to which Governor Bradford and his fellow colonists sat down just three hundred years ago. It was not until many years after this that seeds of this vegetable were imported from England and planted for the first time in American soil.

To whet their appetites for the wild turkeys and other good things the Pilgrims started their Thanksgiving feast, just as many of us do to-day, with delicious oysters and clams—a gift brought by some of the friendly Indians who were invited to the dinner.

For dessert they had what has long since become one of America's great national dishes—pie. The basic idea of pie was brought from England, but the housewives of New England developed it

and embroidered it with so much ingenuity that it quickly became something quite different from the old world model.

Pumpkin pie, squash pie, mince pie, apple pie, cranberry pie and pies made from various kinds of dried or preserved berries—the Pilgrims probably had some or all of these. At Thanksgiving dinners in New England a little later it was nothing unusual for the guests to be offered a dozen or more varieties of pies. This was because of the custom of baking in a lump in the Fall pies enough to last the family for several months. The pies were then frozen and thawed out for use later on as they were needed.

For the crowding climax of their dinner the Pilgrims had what must have been a great novelty for all of them and a special treat for the children. It was a bushel basket heaped full of snow, freshly popped popcorn and was brought to the feast by one of the Indian guests named Squanto.

Perhaps Governor Bradford gave the red man an extra helping of turkey and cranberry sauce in return for his thoughtful kindness in supplying the popcorn.

If All the Turkeys Eaten on Thanksgiving Day This Year in the United States Were Rolled Into One Gigantic Bird He Would Stand Up 30 Feet Higher Than the Torch of the Great Statue of Liberty and Would Be 450 Feet Long.

It is remarkable how the fashion set by the Pilgrims in the Thanksgiving meal to which they sat down in 1621 has persisted for three hundred years. We still follow their original menu so closely that if one of the old Pilgrim housewives were to return to earth to-day she would prepare a Thanksgiving dinner that would be essentially the same as what our modern cooks prepare.

The turkey soon became one of the American people's favorite birds. So great was its popularity just after the Revolution that it came mighty near being selected as the national emblem and appearing on the Great Seal of the United States instead of the eagle.

The selection of a national emblem stirred up a lively controversy. Old Ben Franklin at first was among those who favored the rattlesnake as an emblem for the seal, but later he became an earnest supporter of the turkey. He was much disappointed when the eagle was finally chosen, but found some consolation in the fact that he thought it looked a good deal like a turkey.

"I am not displeased," said Franklin in a letter to the Society of the Cincinnati, "that the figure is known as a bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is in comparison a much more respectable bird, and whilst a true native of America."

"He is, besides (though a little vain and silly, it is true, but not the worse emblem for that), a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British Guards who should presume to enter his farmyard with a red coat on."

Hard-up Lord Northampton Gets Married at Last

**His First Romance
Cost Him \$250,000
in Breach-of-Promise
Damages, His Second
Affair Is a Mystery,
but This Time His
Lordship Makes the
Greatest Match of
the London Season**



Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire, the Home of the Marquis of Northampton, Which He Confesses He No Longer Has the Money to Suitably Keep Up.



The Bridegroom, Lord Northampton.

To the magnificent great stone mansion and charming formal gardens as shown in the photograph of Castle Ashby, in England, on the left hand side of this page, Lord Northampton, the bridegroom, has just brought home his charming bride.

What could be more romantic, what more satisfying to a young woman's ambitions and dreams than to become the mistress of this magnificent great mansion with its splendid great salons, dining halls, long, spacious hallways with endless rooms opening out of them, a gallery of old masters, and those charming acres of exquisite gardens to be seen from every window of the great palace?

But the dream ends here. There is a rift in the tale, there is a fly in the ointment, there is a skeleton in the closet for the young bride.

The great walls of Castle Ashby are there. And the salons and dining rooms and endless bedrooms are also there, and from the windows the acres of the estate are, to be sure, easy to see from every side.

But Lord Northampton is hard-up. While he has the mansion and the acres, he hasn't the little army of household servants and gardeners which are necessary to the proper upkeep of this great establishment.

Recently his lordship confessed, as he put down for the last time his force of servants:

"It was in doubt whether I could keep open Castle Ashby in view of its crushing taxation. I consulted my lawyers and was advised that it would be impossible to do so without borrowing money. I have decided to do this, and hope by exercising strict economy I may make my estate self-supporting in time."

But perhaps Lord Northampton's bride will be able to help him out in his straitened circumstances and bring along a few of her own household servants, and perhaps her father can spare a gardener or two to pick up things around the place.

If the reader will look in the left-hand corner of the page he will see the quite ample and spacious house which Lady Emma Thynne has left to become the chateau of Lord Northampton's Castle Ashby.

It is apparent without counting the windows or calculating the front, side and back footage that Lady Emma is not accustomed to live in any small bungalow. If her new husband's ancestral home is big—the bride's home is bigger. If Castle Ashby is two stories high, Lady Emma's former home is three stories high. Lady Emma's father, the Marquis of Bath, has not been letting his household servants go and has made no recent announcement that he is hard-up. It may be that the bride, therefore, will bring along with her

twenty or thirty cooks, kitchen girls, chambermaids, butlers, pantry-men and others to help out in the new home.

Young Lord Northampton is not only remarkable as the lord of splendid Tudor mansions and many acres, but he has had an interesting sentimental record. He has, indeed, been involved in at least two engagements before his marriage, and has had trouble in getting out of them. The circumstances will perhaps give his bride as much concern as the difficulty of keeping up his vast palace under present conditions.

In 1913, when the Marquis was just twenty-seven years old, he was the defendant in the most sensational breach of promise case ever brought. Daisy Markham, a pretty little English actress of no great rank in her profession, brought suit against him for breaking his promise to marry her and obtained a settlement for the enormous sum of £250,000, the largest sum ever given for such an affair. A good many English noblemen had been used by actresses for breach of promise, but the largest sum obtained by any of them was \$100,000.

The Marquis had not a shadow of defense to the suit. He had implored the actress to be his bride on paper and in impassioned words. His letters revealed a fervently sentimental nature that naturally caused alarm to his family, and may continue to do so.

When he met and wooed the fair Daisy he was Earl Compton, heir to his father, the Marquis of Northampton. When the actress brought the suit his father was dead and he had inherited the title and vast estates. It was only the orders of his dying father that drove him to break off his engagement. The old Marquis was an extremely dignified plume nobleman, and the idea of his oldest son marrying an actress horrified him unspokeably.

At the time she captivated the young nobleman she was playing the part of Suzanne in "The Glad Eye." Many critics thought that the play was admirably suited to her. She had been married once before to a money lender's clerk named Moss. During the lawsuit she produced an exceedingly favorable impression on the jury by her modest, clinging demeanor and the touching little notes she had written to the Marquis like this one:

"I want you for yourself alone and not for your villa or estates. I could be happy with you in a cottage."

The Marquis's style of love-making was judged from this letter, in which he broke with her, for he kept his love to the end:

"My Dearest Daisy:—

"I must just write you a line, as I am so wretchedly miserable. I want to assure you that I am trying to do the right thing, and though you will perhaps find it difficult now I am going to ask you to believe I have always and do at the present moment love and respect you more than any one in this world, and that you are absolutely my ideal of perfect womanhood."

"But, Daisy, the ways of the world are hard, and I want you to know that what I am now doing, I am doing from a sense of duty, genuinely believing it to be best for both of us. Darling, I have known it all along. I have tried to smother my reason, to stifle my thoughts, for your sake; but when my father talked to me on Friday he only forced me with the same thoughts that I told you of when I first loved you, and which I have ever since been trying to suppress."

"That you, don't know how those so-called ladies would treat you, and I really could not bear to see you suffering it. And with your sweet, sensitive nature it would be torture to you. Oh, if only I could escape from my position!"



Miss Daisy Markham, the Actress, Who Thought She Was Going to Be Lord Northampton's Wife, and, Therefore, Chateleine of Castle Ashby. When She Found Out That This Was All a Mistake She Sued His Lordship for \$250,000 Damages for Breach of Promise and Got It.



Lord Northampton and His Bride After the Wedding Ceremony, Passing Along Between Lines of His Lordship's Tenants and Servitors.

"Daisy, I beg your forgiveness for the way in which I have done it. I was so distracted between my feelings for you and my convictions of what was really best that I am afraid I wavered in a way that was most unfair to you. I must also apologize for that hurried scrawl I sent you this morning. It seems ages ago."

"I am quite mad, Daisy. I feel I have nothing left to live for. Where that note was killing the last hope of my heart of compensating my reason. I did it in a hurry for fear of changing my mind. And, at

though I cannot remember what I said believed after sending it that I had said something of extremely bad taste and brutally cruel to you. Daisy, I did not mean it to be cruel."

"Well, darling, I really have nothing more to say. You will always be my ideal and you will always be my beautiful dream."

"I am brokenhearted."

"The Marquis's lawyers offered to settle the case before trial for as much as £150,000, but her advisers insisted on fighting



Longleat, the Parental Home of Lady Emma Thynne, Which She Has Left to Become the Mistress of Lord Northampton's Castle Ashby.

for a larger amount. The sum paid had a great deal to do with the nobleman's present shortage of cash. He not only paid \$250,000 damages, but he had to bear the costs of both sides, including the services of Sir Edward Carson, the doughy Chief Justice, who appeared for Miss Markham. The costs are estimated to have been \$100,000.

When the settlement had been made (Miss Markham, Daisy Markham, with tears in her eyes, asked: "Won't he say good-by to me?")

The soft-hearted Marquis was about to bid her a fond farewell when one of her lawyers intervened and said: "I won't have her speak to him."

In spite of this, a few months later he was seen in the actress's society again. His family were terrified at the thought of the financial consequences that might result, but nothing more was heard of it.

After that the war broke out and the Marquis went to the front, which saved him for a time from sentimental engagements. He was wounded and invalided for a considerable time.

Promptly on his recovery he became engaged to Mrs. Arthur Ashby, formerly Miss Phillis Drury. She was a widow, having lost her husband in the war and had a son and daughter. She belonged to the Marquis's own social class, but, of course, his relatives thought such an ill-fated young nobleman ought not to marry a widow.

Four days after the prospective marriage was announced a court statement appeared that it would not take place. It was never stated positively what caused the separation, but gossip had it that the war widow developed a sudden objection to the sentimental Marquis.

A few years passed, which may have been filled with interesting experiences for the Marquis, and this year he became engaged to Lady Emma Thynne, a second daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath, and accomplished young woman, who gained great popularity by her work for wounded soldiers.

The Thynnes rose to importance in the reign of King Henry VIII. at about the same time as the Comptons, the family to which Lord Northampton belongs.

Longleat House, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, is considered one of the most perfect and magnificent Tudor residences in England. Castle Ashby may be almost equally beautiful, but Longleat is much larger. It contains three immense floors, whereas such houses rarely contain more than two such floors. It is 220 feet long by 180 feet deep and was built in 1567.

The Marquess of Northampton, by the way, owed much of their wealth to the fact that one of the family married the heiress of Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The old Mayor would not have the young

nobleman, who then returned to the home disgraced as a baker's son. The old Mayor met him and gave him a new confidence for luck, not knowing that the young man was carrying away the heiress in his broad basket.

Late Queen Elizabeth asked the Lord Mayor to come and see a new-born baby who asked him to adopt in place of his daughter, whom he had disowned. He obeyed the Queen and then found the little one was his own granddaughter. Through this alliance the Comptons inherited a large section of London, in the district of Whitechapel, which has been more valuable to them than their country estates.

The marriage of the present Marquis was celebrated day on October 16, in the presence of a vast gathering of the British aristocracy and the best sections of the tenantry. It was the most brilliant social event of the season. The young couple went away in their honeymoon, their country houses and their extraordinary domestic burdens.

It is interesting to note that the Marquis has another Tudor family mansion almost as big as Castle Ashby. This is Compton Wynyates, in Warwickshire.

There is indeed much doubt at the present moment whether many members of the old British nobility will long be able to maintain such residences as Castle Ashby and Longleat House. It is expected that many of them will be turned into schools, hospitals and institutions, while others will be pulled down.

The income tax runs up to 50 per cent on incomes over £20,000 a year. The owner of such a house as Castle Ashby is obliged to estimate its annual value as part of his income, but such a house brings in no income but costs £200,000 or £300,000 a year to maintain.

The result is that if a nobleman has a large money income it rarely all goes in taxation, while if his income is small it is all used up in paying the tax on his great house.

The Government is now completing a new valuation of the land which will impose a higher valuation on great houses with ornamental estates. In addition to the income tax there is an enormous tax called "death duty," payable on the death of the owner of a great estate. The present Marquis of Northampton is undoubtedly struggling under the burden of paying death duty that became due on the death of his father and the enormous sum he had to pay to Miss Daisy Markham.

Radicals are rejoicing and declare that it is quite right that the nobility should be forced to give up their vast houses. They say there is no reason why men should own houses, which in some instances are 200 feet high, and contain banqueting halls 100 feet long. If the buildings are turned into institutions they will serve a useful purpose.

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How Old Lord Sandwich Happened to Invent the Sandwich

The Descendant of the Funny Old Earl Now in America with His American Wife Inherits the Glory and the Estates of the Ancestor Who Unconsciously Made the Name Famous



The Famous Old London Gambling Club Known as "White's." Hogarth, the Greatest Artist of the Period, Has Made a Picture of This Club, Showing the Gamblers So Intent on Their Winnings and Losses That When a Watchman Rushed In and Told Them the Building Was on Fire They Paid Little Attention.



Old Lord Sandwich Had Been Sitting at the Gambling Table for Several

Hours and Began to Get Hungry. But He Did Not Dare to Leave His Seat for Fear It Would "Break His Luck." Calling One of the Club Flunkies He Said, "I'm Hungry; Bring Me Something to Eat—A Couple of Slices of Roast Beef—And, Er—Just Slip Them in Between Some Slices of Blip."

THERE is hardly a human being in the civilized world who is not familiar with the sandwich.

And yet how many of them know why it is called a "sandwich"? Ask a number of men who have been familiar with sandwiches all their lives how the name arose and you will be astonished to find how few have any idea. After the writer had asked half a dozen persons without obtaining any information he put the question to an unusually intelligent man, who answered:

"I think it was named by the man who discovered the Sandwich Islands."

The sandwich is such a familiar thing that most people think it has existed since the dawn of civilization. It is an essential thing in many critical moments of life. The Wall Street millionaire needs it to carry him through a busy day. The explorer carries it on his dash to the Pole or over desert sands. Statesmen need it to carry them through a long spell of talk. Politics could not happen without it.

But the fact is that the sandwich is not very ancient historically. Alexander the Great did not have the sandwich. Julius Caesar didn't know its use. All the great men before the Christian era had to live without it.

William the Conqueror did not have the sandwich to help him in his conquest of England. Even Oliver Cromwell did not use the sandwich in the great struggle in which he overthrew the British monarchy, but he was near to its day.

The truth is that the sandwich was invented by a great English nobleman, John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, and it was named after him. The circumstances have just been brought to light through the visit to America of his lordship's descendant, the ninth Earl of Sandwich, who married an American girl, Miss Alberta Sturges, who is well known in New York society.

The fourth Lord Sandwich lived from 1715 to 1771 and was one of the reckless, gambling set of English noblemen and men about town for which London was noted in the eighteenth century. It included such celebrities as Beau Brummel, Charles James Fox, David Garrick and a host of wealthy notables like the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Northumberland and others, whose names mean little to us today.

Lord Sandwich was gambling one day at White's, the most famous of all the gambling clubs, which was then situated on St. James's street, a few doors from

St. James's Palace. He was playing with Lord Spencer, another noted gambler of the period. This nobleman, by the way, invented a short coat, and his association with Lord Sandwich gave rise to this couplet:

"The one invented half a coat,

The other half a dinner."

According to John Timbs, the noted historian of the eighteenth century gamblers, the two noblemen were playing faro, the favorite card game of the time, although there is some question about that. Another authority says it was hazard, a dice game that was just as popular as the other. In any case they were gambling.

They had been playing for hours and had forgotten all about their dinner. At one stage of the game Lord Sandwich had lost £10,000, and then he won until he was £2,000 ahead. He could not leave for fear of "breaking his luck," but the pangs of hunger began to assert themselves and something had to be eaten.

"Waiter," called Lord Sandwich, "bring me something to eat—a couple of slices of roast beef, and er—just slip them between some slices of bread."

Thus the first sandwich came into existence. That was in 1758. Lord Sandwich picked it up carefully, ate it and went on with his game very successfully.

Lord Spencer gazed at the sandwich, was amazed by the ingenuity of the invention and ordered one for himself. Incidentally he dropped a fortune, but that did not bother him.

The other members of White's Club soon adopted the sandwich, and so did all the fashionable gamblers, spendthrifts and bloods of London. It became quite the thing to play all day and night, while taking nothing but sandwiches and wine for nourishment.

"Tudic example soon spread to the whole civilized world, for such a convenient article could not fail to win universal popularity. It was adopted, of course, not only by gamblers, but by honest men who wanted to eat and work at the same time. The sandwich was not merely a desperate gambler. He was a very able diplomat and a distinguished wit. In fact, you might guess he had a good deal of sense from the practical character of his great invention."

He was one of the ablest of the plenipotentiaries at the congress which negotiated the important peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1763, and the dinner which took place at the banquet table was proposed, and each ambassador endeavored to describe

his king in the most fulsome language possible. The French Ambassador began: "I propose the health of my royal master, bright and illuminating as the sun!"

The Spanish Ambassador followed with the toast, "My royal master, bright and illuminating as the silvery moon!"

Then Lord Sandwich rose and called upon the company to drink to:

"My royal master, the Joshua who caused the sun and the moon to stand still!"

This gave considerable annoyance to the other ambassadors and soon brought the banquet to an end.

The fourth Lord Sandwich was known to everybody of importance in political, social and literary life of his time. He was commonly known as "Jonny Twitchee," on account of his shambling walk. One of his friends objected to going out with him because "he walked down two sides of the street at once."

His lordship was well aware of his peculiarity and told amusing stories about it. He relates that: "I once had a dancing master in Paris, who was very civil, and on my taking leave I offered to do what I could for him in London. 'To which the man, profoundly bowed, replied, 'I should deem it a particular favor and be intensely grateful if your lordship would never tell any one that it was I who taught you how to dance.'"

The scene where this nobleman invented the sandwich has been immortalized by the great English caricaturist, Hogarth, in Plate VI. of his famous series, "The Rake's Progress." This represents the gaming room at old White's Club. The figure at the table eagerly sweeping in the money is Lord Sandwich himself, but shown so incompletely that nobody could identify him positively.

All the details in the picture represent incidents that actually happened at White's. The figure without a wig is a man who went mad from his losses. The man warning himself at the fire with two pistols sticking out of his pocket is Mic-

The Present Lord Sandwich Who Is Now on Visit to the United States with His American Wife.



Gateway to the Famous Castle, Hinchinbrooke, Which is the Chief Estate of Lord Sandwich, Comprising Some 25,000 Acres.

Clean, the fashionable highwayman of the day.

McClean is waiting to waylay the heaviest winner as he goes home and "recoup" himself for his losses. The highwayman lived opposite the club and it said to have been a frequenter of it.

A man on the left is dictating his will to a lawyer, leaving the residue of his estate to pay a gambling debt. Another player has seized his sword to attack one he thinks has cheated him.

While all these things are happening the building is on fire and the watchman has come in to warn the players of it. They have not noticed it, so absorbed are they in their play and their troubles.

Hogarth was a frequenter of White's and other gambling resorts and lost some of his hard-earned money at them. Hence he depicted their dangers with unusual bitterness.

The age in which life ingenious Lord Sandwich and the artist Hogarth lived

was remarkable for gambling, drunkenness, brutality and debauchery to a greater degree than any other in modern history. There was, for instance, a Colonel Charteris, who also figures in one of Hogarth's drawings, who owed his celebrity in London society to his reputation of having wrecked the lives of more than a thousand girls.

It was an age when England had become the richest country in the world. Every night fortunes were lost by wealthy men in the gambling houses of London.

Lord Mountford lost all his fortune at cards, supped at White's and played at whist with his few remaining guineas till one o'clock of New Year's morning. Lord Robert Bertie drank to his "Happy New Year." Lord Mountford clapped his hands to his eyes in a strange manner.

Then he sent for a lawyer and three witnesses, executed his will, made them read it twice over and asked the lawyer

if that will would stand good even if the maker shot himself. On being assured that it would, he said, "Pray stay while I step into the next room."

He went into the next room and shot himself dead.

"One of the youth at White's has committed a murder," writes Horace Walpole, "and intends to repeat it. He betted 1,600 pounds that a man could live twelve hours under water, hired a desperate fellow, sunk him in a ship by way of experiment, and both ship and man have not appeared since. Another man and ship are to be tried for their lives, instead of Mr. Blake, the assassin."

The members of White's used to bet on every conceivable excuse. When one of them was married a fellow member made a bet that the bride would become a mother before another bride who had already been married three months.

The chief country seat of the Earls of Sandwich for centuries has been Hinchinbrooke, in Huntingdonshire, one of the finest old country houses in England. It was originally built by Sir Oliver Cromwell, uncle of the great Cromwell.

According to tradition little Oliver Cromwell was staying with his uncle at Hinchinbrooke when King James I. paid a visit there with his son, Prince Charles. The two boys were left alone and Oliver punched Prince Charles's head. The Prince complained and Oliver was severely punished for hurting the royal nose.

This is popularly supposed to have led to subsequent history, when the great Oliver Cromwell destroyed the King's army and brought the monarch to the scaffold. But the story is not a very probable one.

Old Sir Oliver Cromwell, the uncle, lost his fortune and sold Hinchinbrooke to the ancestor of the Earls of Sandwich, in whose possession it has remained ever since.

The present Earl of Sandwich is a very distinguished philanthropist, and founded "The Little Commonwealth," an organization of ex-offenders, who help one another to lead a better life. The last Earl, his uncle, was long a great friend of King Edward VII. and in his old age became a Christian Scientist and effected wonderful cures of disease.

It was through the Christian Science connection that the present Lord Sandwich met his American wife, who was Miss Alberta Sturges, daughter by a first marriage of Mrs. Francis H. Leggett, the well-known society woman, who is also a Christian Scientist.

Lord and Lady Sandwich have been extensively in American society. Wherever they happened to be there was always one interesting story he could tell. That was how the sandwich got its name.

How They Solve "The Eternal Triangle" in Oklahoma

Said the Judge:
"The finding of this Court is that a married woman has a right to protect her home, the right to fight to retain the love of her husband. I cannot but believe there is justification when one woman takes it upon herself to deal in such a drastic way with a friend of her husband. The Court will have to discharge the defendants and order the case against them dropped."

Judge Thomson Puts the Seal of Judicial Approval on the Way Mrs. Thomas Lured the "Other Woman" Into the Woods and Gave Her a Horse-Whipping She Will Remember the Rest of Her Life

"Stand still!" shouted Mrs. Thomas. (Whack!) "You're going to get the whipping of your life. I'll teach you to run around with another woman's husband! (Whack!) Somebody neglected your early education and I'll supply the deficiency now! (Whack!) Scream, yell, holler all you want to! (Whack! Whack!) The next time you meet my husband George, remember this afternoon gathering Fall leaves in the woods! (Whack! Whack! Whack!) Or any other woman's George, or whatever his name is! (Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!) How do you like it as far as you're got? (Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!) I'm just beginning!"



Mrs. George Thomas, Who Took the Law Into Her Own Hands and Broke Up the "Triangle."



Mrs. Dalley, Who Certainly Got An Almighty Whipping.



And This Is George Thomas, the Centre of the Whipping. It Did Not Occur to Judge Thomson to Remark Some of Those Good, Husky Whip Lashings Might Have Been Saved for Hubby's Own Back.

In all of Oklahoma there is no more model husband than George Thomas, of Tulsa. He is a man who can be trusted. His wife need never worry about George. And all because there was a time when Mr. Thomas could not be trusted and when Mrs. Thomas worried herself to the point of going out and forever putting her husband beyond the temptations of her sex.

Not that Mr. Thomas is not now as susceptible of charm as he was in the beginning. He may be, but there isn't a woman in the State of Oklahoma who would be willing to test his responsiveness, despite his money, good looks, automobiles and playful disposition. He hasn't a chance to get up. Let him even glance at a woman with more than casual interest and he's the alarming object of his interest would try to terror.

Tulsa women know better than to engage Mr. Thomas's interests since his young and determined wife lured Mrs. Dalley out into a wood near Tulsa

and gave her a horse-whipping the town will not soon forget, and since Judge J. T. Thomson put the seal of judicial approval on the proceedings.

The trouble prior to the horse-whipping seemed to be that Mr. Thomas did not take his job as a husband very seriously—at least not as seriously as he is said to have taken Mrs. Dalley. The latter, a divorcee, was the belle of Tulsa's happy-go-lucky set of the new-rich discoverers of oil. Among these was Mr. Thomas, whose early capital of a few hundred dollars soon gushed back from the earth in a black geyser of oil, enabling him to devote less time to business and more to his friends.

Many women, had they been married to Mr. Thomas, would have been perfectly contented. They would have closed their eyes to what they saw and shut out the whispers that reached their ears, considering him too good to be true.

Mrs. Thomas had money, prestige, her own car—everything that she wanted except the exclusive society of her husband. His frequent absence from the house distressed her, particularly when gossip involved her former friend, Mrs. Dalley.

And when Mrs. Dalley and her husband were divorced, of course there was more talk. Women looked at Mrs. Thomas with a pleased ploy she could not but. Mr. Thomas, her husband, became gradually colder. She thought she could see him slipping out of her life, leaving her to a lonely old age, in despair. Then she called on her sister-in-law, Mrs. Orville Thomas, for advice.

Her sister-in-law was indignant when she heard of Mrs. Thomas's predicament and immediately took charge of the situation.

"Say nothing to anyone about what you suspect," she told her. "I will go to the bottom of things, and either we find out the facts or we will give it to somebody hot and heavy."

In the meantime George seemed preoccupied, but there were moments when he was especially lavish, giving his wife an unlimited checking account, a home and a new car. His attitude puzzled Mrs. Thomas until her sister-in-law visited the house and told her what she had learned. Mrs. Thomas was good and mad. But,

curiously, however, she didn't seem to blame her husband much. He was weak, she said, in a forgiving tone, and not so guilty as "the other woman." He was susceptible and someone had taken advantage of this trait.

But something had got to be done.

Mrs. Thomas is opposed to divorce, and against most of the devices employed to keep a husband's love at the right temperature. She believed she had wooed him sufficiently, had inspired him as much as any other woman could have, and had managed his home successfully. They had started out in life with a few hundred dollars, with which she had helped him attain wealth and position. She came to the conclusion that the fault was not hers, nor really her husband's, either. He was easy-going, open-handed, just a big boy who was influenced by everyone with whom he came in contact. She determined to remove the influence.

What was the use of bothering the courts and police? This was a matter between herself, her husband and the other woman. Someone was trying to steal her happiness—the boy she had developed into a successful man of affairs. It outraged her. She would show the woman what happens when one plays with fire.

So Mrs. Thomas thought it over and talked it over with her sympathetic sister-in-law. It wouldn't do any good to have cross words with her husband. The thing to do was to get after that woman who was causing all the trouble.

Her husband need not know anything about it until it was all over. Then she would be just as sweet to him as before, acting as if nothing had happened.

The next day she appeared at Mrs. Dalley's home in her new car. Mrs. Thomas's sister-in-law was with her. They were very gracious to Mrs. Dalley, who found it convenient to behave in a charming manner toward them.

Mrs. Thomas said it was such a wonderful day.

Mrs. Dalley agreed.

Wouldn't Mrs. Dalley like to take a little spin with them into the country? Wouldn't she slip on a whip and run—along? Mrs. Dalley, all smiles, not only would, but did.

Five miles out of town Mrs. Thomas shot off the gas and stepped on the brakes.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "Just look at those gorgeous Fall leaves. I simply must get some to put in the drawing room. Don't you want some, too, Mrs. Dalley?"

Mrs. Dalley assured Mrs. Thomas that she would be glad to take some. The three women entered an oak forest on the edge of the bog.

"Here's a tree for you," said Mrs. Thomas to Mrs. Dalley with such a charming laugh that the latter looked sheepishly around and found herself gazing into the barrel of a new revolver.

"Why, Mrs. Thomas!" she cried, "what joke is that?"

"I am about to show you," replied Mrs. Thomas. At a sign her sister-in-law took two laughs of rage from her handbag and buckoned to the pretty divorcee to come nearer the tree Mrs. Thomas had pointed out.

At the point of the gun Mrs. Dalley embraced the trunk. Her arms just encircled it.

"Fine!" said Mrs. Thomas, with a triumphant smile. "Now the her hands so that she can't get away."

From beneath her coat she drew out a riding whip and gave it a preliminary snap. Mrs. Dalley screamed and begged for mercy.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Thomas, derisively. "What mercy have you shown me? Here, we'll have to get some of these pretty clothes off. Oh, don't be so careful. Hit them off—the way. I don't think she has much trouble getting new ones. What beautiful shoulders you have, my dear! So white—such bewitching contour of figure! Let's get some more off. My I should say so—a perfect Venus!" And handling the plaid over to her sister Mrs. Thomas drew closer with up raised whip.

In vain the pretty divorcee wept.

"Stand still!" shouted Mrs. Thomas. (Whack!) "You're going to get the whipping of your life. I'll teach you to run around with another woman's husband! (Whack!) Somebody neglected your early education and I'll supply the deficiency now. (Whack!) Scream, yell, holler all you want to! (Whack! Whack!) The next time you meet my husband George, remember this afternoon gathering Fall leaves in the woods! (Whack! Whack! Whack!) Or any other woman's George, or whatever his name is. (Whack! Whack! Whack!) How do you like it as far as you're got? (Whack! Whack! Whack!) I'm just beginning!"

Each leaf left its vivid web across the pretty divorcee's white neck and shoulders. The whip was long and curled completely around her body, protected only by the mass of hair that tumbled down from her head. Mrs. Dalley writhed in anguish, but each shriek seemed to give Mrs. Thomas new enthusiasm for the whipping. She did not finish until her rival, her back covered with lashes, had slipped into a scabbing heap at the foot of the tree. Then she smiled and drove away with her sister-in-law.

When Mrs. Dalley was able to reach a police station late that night she was hysterical with rage and obtained warrants for both Mrs. Thomas and her sister-in-law. The case seemed to be clearly one of assault, and Mrs. Dalley swore she would prosecute to the full extent of the law.

But she did not count on the equity that transcends the mere letter of the law in Judge Thomson's court.

Of course, almost everyone of prominence in Tulsa attended the trial, and the leading attorneys of Tulsa were represented in the prosecution and defense. Mrs. Thomas himself was there, very pink in his confusion and conscious of the smiles as his wife took her arm with a proprietary air and led him to the witness' chair, far up in front. Her manner seemed to indicate that, inasmuch as he had protected him against temptation so far, she would see him through when he

at face to face with Mrs. Dalley in open court.

Mrs. Dalley's point, stressed by her attorney, was that she was innocent of any wrongdoing and had been a victim of an outrageous assault. But when Mrs. Thomas was made to admit that his wife might have reason to be angry, things took another turn.

Lawyer J. M. Springer, representing Mrs. Thomas, skillfully elicited details of the friendship and caused Mrs. Thomas to vehemently declare he loved his wife and no other, least of all Mrs. Dalley.

Lawyer Springer eloquently urged the Judge to uphold the sanctity of the American home and dismiss the charges against his clients.

"Let the women of Tulsa know they have a right to retain the love of their husbands," he pleaded.

After Miss Irene Willis, regarded as a close friend of Mrs. Dalley's, testified Mrs. Dalley had made certain admissions to her, Judge Thomson scowled, swallowed his Adam's apple and said:

"The finding of this court is that a married woman has a right to protect her home, the right to fight to retain the love of her husband. I cannot but believe there is justification when one woman takes it upon herself to deal in such a drastic way with a friend of her husband's."

"This court will have to discharge the defendants and order the case against them dropped."

This was a breath-taking decision for the prosecution, which had counted on strict adherence to the letter of the law, and for the courtroom spectators, who wondered how the sheltered Mrs. Thomas would figure in the verdict. There was no mention of horsewhipping for him, no mention even of a hairbrush spanking; but, rather, the implication that a scolding and perhaps a superfluous bedtime would suffice.

He said, before leaving the court, that he was cured, and, apparently, he is. It is a great sight these few autumn days to see Mr. Thomas disconsolately strolling through the streets of Tulsa, all dressed up and no place to go but home—as immune from temptation through the vigilance of Mrs. Thomas as a clear-sighted husband might be. So, through a horsewhipping administered to someone else, he has become an Oklahoma paragon of virtue and the pattern for all the frisky husbands in Tulsa forevermore.

How young
will you be
at fifty?



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Recipes in a free book to any-
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A Vital Attraction

That some women overlook

—the proper use of foods frequently determines youth or age. Note what a famous
sanitarium prescribes

There's a reason for stewed raisins—a dainty
breakfast dish—that transcends their unique
attraction for the palate.

That reason is *food-iron*. Raisins are rich in it.

Food-iron is the basis of a rare vitality and
magnetism that are woman's greatest charms.

Some women overlook these *real* attractions,
thinking mainly of trim features and rosy lips
and cheeks. Yet iron promotes true *beauty*,
too, by producing *natural* color that cosmetics
cannot imitate. There's no beauty that is so
beautiful as the *good looks of good health*.

Not youth's sole rights

These attractions don't belong to youth alone.
Women of forty-five and fifty may preserve
them and enhance them. And certain foods—

the "iron foods" like raisins—are prime aids.

You need but a small bit of iron daily, yet
that need is *vital*.

That dish of luscious stewed raisins enjoyed
regularly each morning is a safeguard to proper
iron supply.

At Battle Creek

Stewed raisins is part of "the treatment" in
the famous sanitarium at Battle Creek for pale-
cheeked, listless women who are old before
their time.

Physicians thus attest the power of raisins as
a regular breakfast dish:

Take their advice and try it for yourself.

It's good food if you're well, to *retain* those
vital powers and that natural beauty if you

have them. Begin tomorrow to make a two
weeks' test. If you feel under par or are a little
pale, this dish may "re-make" you in just the
way you wish.

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The grapes are juicy, tender, thin-skinned, and so
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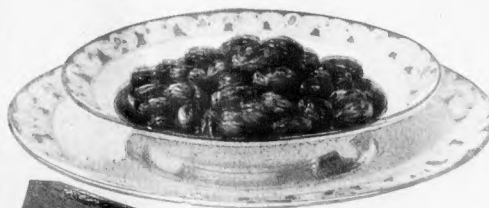
Seeded (seeds removed); Seedless (grown without
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Raisins are cheaper by 30% than formerly—see that
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may be added, but is not neces-
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SUN-MAID RAISINS

Why Wealthy, Fashionable Girls "Disappear"

Medical Science Explains Recent Remarkable Instances of Socially Prominent Millionaires' Daughters Who Have Suddenly and Unaccountably Left Home for No Apparent Reason



Miss Pamela Beckett, the Wealthy and Fashionable London Society Girl Who Wandered for Nearly Three Days Hungry and Shivering in the Suburbs of London.



Miss Helen Lyons, the New York Girl Who Put Her Wedding Dress Under Her Arm and Wandered Forth Just a Week Before the Day Set for Her Marriage.



The Lure of the City Accounts for Why the Working Girl Leaves Her Tenement Home or the Stage-Struck Young Miss Seeks a Movie Career. And the Sad Reason Why the Farmer's Daughter Disappears a Few Months After the Young City Visitor Has Been a Summer Boarder at Her Home Is Well Understood.

By Dr. I. L. Nascher.

JUST a week before her wedding day, Miss Helen Lyons, a New York girl, put her wedding dress under her arm, stepped out of the front door of her parents' residence—and disappeared. This young woman of excellent social position and comfortable circumstances, with the greatest happiness that can come to a girl about to be married, left everything and wandered out into the cold world. Her parents and her fiancé were utterly dumbfounded.

And the entire city of London recently was upset by the unaccountable disappearance of another young woman whose strange exploit filled the newspapers and worried the police for several days.

Miss Pamela Beckett, a young society girl of London, and daughter of the Honorable Rupert and Mrs. Beckett, disappeared forth from her home of luxury in Grosvenor street, London—and completely disappeared.

Two days later she was found at night lying by the side of a ditch, trembling and with chattering.

This pretty eighteen-year-old girl had no plans at all when she left her home, she wore a pearl necklace and other jewelry, had a pocketful of money and valuable furs, and wandered for two days and nights along the highways and byways of the suburbs of London without molestation or harm.

During this time she had no food at all. On the first night two men in a motor car stopped Miss Beckett and asked where she was going. One of them said that she could not stay out all night and drove the girl in his automobile to his house, where his wife asked her to go to bed, but she declined and threw herself down on a couch. When everybody was asleep the girl opened the front door and fled out into the night again.

Miss Beckett has no recollection of where this house was, and remembers nothing about the following day. But she recalls that she spent her second night asleep in some garden. Nor does Miss Beckett remember what she did or where she went on that next day up to the time she was found lying by the side of the ditch in the early evening, cold and trembling.

When a kindly passerby roused her and asked her what the trouble was she replied that she was all right and asked to

be left alone. When told that she would die if she stayed there, she looked up and replied: "That won't matter. Leave me alone." Realizing that the girl must be taken in hand, the passerby led her to his cottage, where his wife prepared a cup of tea and a slice of bread—the first morsel she had eaten for nearly three days. Warm and fed and cheered by the hot tea, Miss Beckett said languidly, in explanation of her wanderings:

"I felt just fed up with everything, with clothes and money and things; tired of the whole life. Then a sudden impulse came to me to go out and leave it all." It is quite remarkable and a piece of great good fortune that no harm came to this attractive eighteen-year-old young gentleman. Did she escape by good luck the fate which, perhaps, befell Dorothy Arnold, whose mysterious disappearance eleven years ago in New York has never been explained?

And Dorothy Arnold's disappearance recalls the mystery of the beautiful, wealthy young daughter of John W. De Kay, the multimillionaire packing king of Chicago. It was about two years ago that pretty Jeanne De Kay vanished from the world's sight and knowledge as if the Chicago street on which she was last seen had suddenly opened beneath her feet and swallowed her.

After a world-wide search her body was found floating in Lake Michigan. But the mystery surrounding her disappearance is as impenetrable as the perplexing puzzle of what became of Dorothy Arnold.

Why do young women of excellent family, good social position and wealth leave the luxuries of home to wander out into the world—sometimes never to return? Of course, it is easy to understand why the working girl leaves the cramped quarters of her tenement house home and seeks for something, anything, which may be better.

There is no difficulty, either, in explaining why the stage-struck young miss leaves home, seeking a career on the stage or in the movies.

And the police records make plain the

real reasons why the farmer's daughter disappears and goes to the neighboring great city a few months after the flashy young city visitor has been a summer boarder at her home. Some girls leave home, of course, because they are wild and rebel against the restraints of conventional society—headstrong young women who want to live their lives as they please and laugh at the advice of older people and are willing to take the consequences of their folly.

But there are some cases of mysterious disappearance which are the result of sudden loss of mental balance. For the time the girl is mentally ill. Doctors recognize what others do not—that the balance of the nervous system of women and the entire feminine trend of thought is not the same as with men. Women are more impressionable, more sensitive, more impulsive, often governed by sentiment rather than by reason.

The explanation of the disappearance of the young New York bride-to-be with her wedding gown under her arm, the pitiful wanderings of pretty Miss Beckett, is that they were at the moment suffering from one of the various manifestations of that strangest of all human maladies, known to the medical world as hysteria.

Physicians themselves can give no explanation for this disease, as there is no change in the brain or nervous system, nothing to account for the abnormal ideas and actions of the hysterical person. They call it a psychoneurosis with perverted

ideas which control the will and the functions of the body. But nobody understands why it happens.

There is no other disease presenting so many or such a diversity of symptoms, none so peculiar in its occurrence and none which, with a few rare exceptions, so completely upsets all the rules that can be applied to it. Hysteria occurs almost exclusively in females, but about one per cent of cases occur in males, and the disease has been found in children and in old age.

Many women are in a constant state of mental inhibition. They are nervous, irritable, easily excited and any slight emotion as fear, anger, grief, sudden loss, shock, disappointment, will upset them. In most cases there is a hereditary predisposition, a parent or grandparent having a nervous or mental disease, or suffering from alcoholism or drug addiction. They say a nervous mother will make her child nervous, but usually the child of such a mother is born nervous, and its association with the mother increases its own affliction. The normal female mind is swayed more powerfully by her emotions than by her reason, but her reason and will are usually strong enough to check emotional extravagances. In hysteria the emotions have complete control, and neither reason nor

will can check the emotional impulses. Fear is the most profound and most persistent of all emotions, being ever present in all normal minds, though often repressed by reason and other emotions.

The outbreak comes suddenly, she may start walking up and down rapidly, screaming, crying, cursing or berating, throwing her arms around, pulling her hair, making grimaces, or she may give a yell, then fall on the floor or bed, apparently unconscious, and either lie there as if dead or she get convulsions. There may be one long spasm, during which the body is rigid, or there may be a number of jerks, twitches and spasms. This may last from a few minutes to a couple of hours. During this time she is apparently not conscious of her actions and surroundings, but any forcible efforts to quiet her will make her worse.

If, as in Miss Beckett's case, the impulse is to run away and she is found, she will resist every effort to take her back home. She will refuse to listen to reason, yet offer no reason or argument for going away, nothing but a stubborn determination to oppose every suggestion, advice and command that may be given to her. If force is attempted she will resist until exhausted. She does not know why she runs away

any more than she knows why she throws herself on the floor or bed and screams. She leaves without a purpose or goal, without preparation, sometimes in sufficient clothing. She hurries away, apparently oblivious of self and surroundings, indifferent to direction, without the hesitancy of uncertainty.

Yet every hysterical person has a definite purpose, to attract attention to herself through some unusual act. There may be a morbid impulse, mental stress, emotional extravagance, inability to control physical reactions, such as convulsions and spasms, apparent loss of memory or reason.

In the usual hysterical attack she will not cry, laugh, scream or throw herself upon the floor or bed unless some one is present. If no one is present and she believes herself unwatched she will act in a perfectly normal manner and may even make preparations for the demerol, the fall upon the bed or floor or upon a chair. When she falls it is not a sudden forward pitch or a backward fall, as in epilepsy, in which she might hurt herself, but a graceful, dramatic fall in which she carefully guards herself against injury. If the bed, couch or chair is a few feet away she will run to it and make her spectacular fall there rather than on the floor.

Some times a quiet, modest girl will assume immodest attitudes or go through suggestive motions. Whatever the hysterical does is either an exaggeration or a contradiction of the normal. It is something that will attract attention to her.

Combine this insensitive desire with strong emotions, a reasoning faculty which can stand little further strain, and an erratic will, all based upon a nervous condition, and we have the ideal conditions for a hysterical explosion. A cross word, a suspicion, even a whim will suffice to bring on the attack which may culminate in tantrums, spasms, throwing dishes at an unforlorn husband or running away from home.

HOW EVERY WOMAN CAN ACQUIRE THE KNACK OF PERFECTION IN FRYING

By A. Louise Andrea

Delicious and Wholesome Fried Foods May Be Enjoyed in Every Home

FRIED foods, although so savory and convenient, have been banished from many a table because the art of frying had not been perfectly acquired. Fried materials frequently have been literally soaked in fat, of a pale color or lacking in crumbs—therefore unattractive and indigestible.

Yet, by observing a few simple but essential rules, any woman can become proficient in the art of frying tasty, nutritious food.

First of all, as an economical point, make sure the frying medium you use is one hundred per cent fat. A pure vegetable oil is desirable, as it saves the time necessary for bringing solid fat to the melted state. Also, it is quicker and easier to measure an oil accurately.

Mazola embodies all these important qualities—foods fried in Mazola are more easily digested and retain their natural flavor.

Mazola will not carry the flavor from one fried food to another

I HAVE personally used the same Mazola to fry onion rings, codfish balls, Saratoga chips and doughnuts, by just straining without clarifying, and none of the flavors have been carried to the other foods. This effects a very substantial saving in your cooking bill, in addition to assuring better-tasting food.

need to watch for the "smoke" temperature, as Mazola serves as a frying medium before it reaches this degree of heat. This immersion coats the outside surface quickly, which forms a protective crust, preventing the fat from soaking into the food.



Saratoga Chips

Mazopops

Frying may be done with just a little Mazola—this method being termed sautéing. The sauté, or frying pan, should be heated before Mazola is put into it. When the oil is so hot it "hisses" the food should be added.

In deep frying with Mazola (completely immersing the food), you do not

For deep frying one should have a commodious saucepan (preferably of iron, as this metal holds the heat best) and a wire frying basket to hold the food while frying. If this has a bail handle it should be kept upright when in use. The basket will prove a great convenience, as it insures the food going into and coming out of the Mazola unbroken, thus furnishing an evenly cooked product.

Try this method of deep frying—it's very simple

NEVER load the basket, but lay the food on the bottom so that the pieces do not touch each other. The

hot Mazola can thus act upon all surfaces. Too much food put into the fat at one time will lower its temperature unduly. For the best results, the temperature should be maintained as evenly as possible. Between each immersion re-heat the Mazola.

How to judge the heat

A FAIRLY accurate temperature test may be made with a small cube of bread. For uncooked mixtures, such as fritters, batters and doughnuts, the cube should brown in *one minute by actual timing*. While for cooked mixtures, such as croquettes, the cubes must brown in *40 seconds*.

temperature must be just right, and fat sufficiently deep to more than cover doughnuts while frying. Your Mazola should be hot enough to brown cube of bread in *one minute*. With these points in mind start your doughnut frying with confidence.

After Mazola has been used for deep frying strain it through cheesecloth or very fine wire strainer to free it from particles of food or crumbs, which might burn when the oil is used again.

The greatest sale of any cooking oil

THE wonderful economy and high quality of Mazola have given it the greatest sale of any brand of salad and cooking oil.

If you haven't yet used Mazola, get a can from your grocer. Once you try it for cooking you will always prefer it to lard and other animal fats.

Your grocer sells Mazola in pint, quart, half-gallon and full gallon cans. The large size cans are more economical.



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MAZOPOPS

Bread dough made with yeast.
Mazola for deep frying.

When bread dough has risen and is ready to be shaped into loaves, cut off sufficient dough for one small loaf and roll it out on a slightly floured board to a half-inch thick and cut into rounds with a small floured cutter. Let these stand so that they will not touch each other and in a warm place until they are very light. Then fry in Mazola hot enough to brown a cube of bread in one minute. Serve hot.

SARATOGA CHIPS.

Wash and pare potatoes. Slice thinly into a bowl of cold water, using vegetable slicer.

Let stand until crisp. Dry between towels and fry in deep, hot Mazola until light brown. Remove from kettle and sprinkle with salt.

FREE Beautifully illustrated Corn Products Cook Book of 64 pages, containing more than a hundred valuable recipes. Write Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. A., Argo, Illinois.

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Pretty Helene Jesmer Asks \$500,000 for Her Ruined Beauty

The Young Actress Who Was Scarred, Crushed and Partially Scalped in Young Multi-Millionaire Philip Plant's Automobile Wants Compensation for Her "Damaged Goods"

What Came of the \$500,000 Award Miss Jesmer for Her Fractured Skull, Her Partially Scalped Hair, Broken Jaw, Torn Out Teeth and Scarred Features.

A Jury Gave Mrs. Edith Bloodgood \$40,000 for Injuries to Her Hand. Catherine Martin, a Stenographer, Was Awarded \$55,000 for a Fractured Hip Bone.

Mrs. Au- Mrs. Was Given \$4,000 Because an Accident Resulted in One Leg Becoming One Inch Smaller Than the Other.

Miss Helene Jesmer in one of the costumes in which she appeared in the Folies—Last Role She Played or Will Ever Be Able to Play, She Says.

WHEN young Philip Morgan Plant, the son of the multi-millionaire teamster owner, plunged his automobile into a tree a year ago in Pelham Bay Park in a New York suburb, Miss Helene Jesmer, the prettiest member of the Folies company, was pitched head foremost into the glass windshield.

Lying unconscious in the hospital, the doctors announced at once that the cruel glass of the windshield had partially scalped her luxuriant hair, had speckled and scratched and cut the flawless skin of her forehead and face; had crushed, broken and driven to one side her delicate jawbone; had torn many of her teeth from their sockets, and had cracked the bones of her skull.

How severe the injuries were, whether the damage to her beauty would be considerable or permanent, was not known for many months. Week after week Miss Jesmer was given the benefit of the patient skill of the best specialists, who patched her up to the best of their ability. And then, when all had been done which could be accomplished by the specialists, it was found that the beauty, and perhaps the good health, of the pretty young actress had been damaged beyond hope of satisfactory repair.

Helene Jesmer had suffered the worst misfortune which could come to her. A young woman of unblemished character, nobody had ever raised a breath of suspicion as to her sterling moral qualities. If the young multi-millionaire had damaged her name and reputation—it might even have been an asset in her profession.

"Damaged Goods," so far as an actress's good name is concerned, seems seldom to be of financial or professional consequence. But when Helene Jesmer finally rose from her hospital cot, after all had been done to repair her injuries, and found that in her case the "damaged goods" were ruined beauty and injured health, she realized that the automobile of the young multi-millionaire college boy had accomplished the worst injury that could have befallen her. Her only assets, health and beauty, were gone forever.

What would young Plant do about it? As a gentleman and a multi-millionaire would he do the most he could or the least he could?

It had been intimated that young Plant was sincerely in love with pretty Helene. Would he ask her to marry him as the best and greatest compensation he could offer? Or would the young millionaire, in his eye over the scarred and torn features of the Folies girl whose beauty once appeared in him, and consider that he did not care for such "Damaged Goods"?

For months Miss Jesmer was kept in doubt as to this point. Great surgeons, paid by Plant's family and using the methods by which mutilated soldiers were miraculously "made over" during the war, labored with infinite skill to obliterate the jagged scars and restore the pretty face that the rich young life. Plant so admired. Her visitors predicted their success, and Miss Jesmer, with her entire future depending upon their skill, waited for the results with desperate eagerness. She had

to endure many painful operations, but each one was to efface another ugly disfigurement, she was told, and she was fairly happy.

While all this work was going on no one but the surgeons saw her face—not even Miss Jesmer, who could only guess at what progress was being made. Her face was completely swathed in bandages. Each secret look into the hand mirror which she kept under her pillow revealed an eye, peering anxiously from an opening in the formless folds of white cloth.

That was the picture that young Mr. Plant saw, too—that twinkling eye peeping from the bandages—when he was able to leave the hospital and call again on the girl he liked. But if he suffered from the same anxiety over what the mirror would show when the bandages were finally removed he gave no sign. He was just as amiable as before, just as confident and attentive. He assured Helene that the marvels of plastic surgery would be shown the instant the bandages were removed, and that she would be more beautiful than ever.

Beauty in distress is credulous, and yet a woman's intuition told the once-pretty Helene that Mr. Plant was giving a ruse to romance until the surgeon's results were made known. Unconsciously, perhaps, he was taking the position of a sympathetic friend without the affection that had characterized their relationship before the automobile hit the tree.

She thought he was discreetly hedging, and this hurt her and made her wonder

whether it was her face or personality that attracted the rich young Mr. Plant before. Well, if the surgeons were successful—At last the final operation was performed, and the day came when her nurse was ordered to slip off the layers of white cotton. During the process Helene regarded the nurse intently, hoping to catch a premonition of her fate in her eyes. When the last bandage was cut off the nurse looked at her so sympathetically that Helene felt a cold despair come over her. She invented a pretext for the attendants to leave the room and with trembling hand reached for the mirror.

It was as she suspected—the promised skill of the beauty surgeons had failed.

In her bluest moments Helene had anticipated disappointment, but she had never dreamed at the shock she took at the mutilated face she saw. Despite the surgeon's skill her face was pocked with scars.

One cheek bone was caved in and that side of her face was sunken, bumpy and shapeless. There was a jagged rent in her scalp just above the hairline, and, more frightful still—one eye looked ghastly and lifeless. In horror she closed the other one and discovered that she was partly blind.

The unhappy girl let the mirror slip from her hand and burst into tears. No one could console her.

"I might better have been killed," she wept.

She could not bear to think of her meeting with the man she loved, who had been the accidental cause of the disaster to her beauty and career. And, mercifully, this meeting was postponed by young Plant's departure for Europe two days afterward with his mother.

In the tone telling of his sailing Mr. Plant regretted that he was not able to say his farewells in person, but promised

to return soon and write all the time he was away. And her lawyer, Thomas J. O'Neill, said he more than kept his promise.

"She received a steady stream of letters from all parts of Europe from Plant," said Lawyer O'Neill. "He promised her in all of them that what he had said before was true—that he was devoted to her and meant to marry her. And the poor girl, lying on her back, crippled and mutilated beyond repair, reached for this hope as a drowning man grasps at a straw—turning from her letters to her mirror all the time he was gone."

Time and time again Helene tried to intimate in her letters the tragic consequences of the operation, but her courage failed her, and she tore up the letters and wrote others in the old vein. So when young Plant returned home in May he was as unprepared for the shock as she herself had been the day the bandages were removed.

He had been announced by her nurse and she heard his footsteps on the stairs, eagerly ascending two steps at a time. Apparently, she thought, his absence had quickened the old affection, and for an instant she forgot all the suffering and anxiety that had happened since she had gone to the hospital. She smiled—a pathetic, twisted grimace.

"Hello!" shouted Plant from outside the door, and he came into the room. She sat upright on the chaise longue, eagerly studying his face. His jaw dropped and he reeled as if he had been brought face to face with a specter. Then he collected himself and advanced toward her as if nothing had happened.

"Why, Helene!" he exclaimed with forced enthusiasm. "How well you are looking! I never saw you more beautiful!"

If young Mr. Plant had said anything else Helene would have been reconciled to the situation. If he had said, "How shocking!" she felt it would have at least responded to his first expression of horror when he had entered the room, and shown a sincerity that would have been comforting. But his protestations that she was more beautiful than before answered the question that had revolved in her mind since the day of the accident.

But his words were hollow—an ingenuitous mockery.

"So it was my face, then?" she said, and the conversation at once took the strained quality of a formal call. Mr. Plant spoke of his travels, of the weather, and before long reached for his hat and bowed him self out. Helene gazed to keep back the tears until he had closed the front door and passed down the stairs outside.

With those fading footsteps, she knew he was passing out of her life forever. Lawyer O'Neill tells her he could.

"Young Plant called several times after that," he said, "and managed to cool down to the status of a remote acquaintance; always, however, protesting valiantly that Helene was better-looking than she had ever been. He must have known that each time he said it it stabbed the girl to the heart, sensing, as she did, what was meant by his transparent flattery. At last she could stand it no longer.

"Look here, Phil," she said one day, "don't you think I know what has happened? Why do you tell me I haven't changed? You know this is not true. You have conveniently forgotten the things you told me in every letter from abroad. I don't regret that so much now. That is not a sentiment that can be forced. But my entire life is ruined—career and everything gone—and you are the instrument of it all. What do you think is the dearest thing to do?"

"Phil stammered something about marriage and then added, 'But my mother won't let me. But I would like to keep on playing. May I, Helene, please?'"

"Mrs. Jesmer interpreted at this point: "So my daughter is good enough to call on, but not to marry!" she said indignantly. "I wouldn't let her marry you if you were the last man in the world. For a long time you have been trying to find a way out of this situation. We will make it easy for you. Here is your last Mr. Plant."

So young Plant was definitely eliminated from Helene's life, and nothing more concerning Helene might have been heard had not her mother, still indignant at the multi-millionaire's indifference, urged her daughter to seek surgical redress for her ruined beauty and career. Helene was too proud to sue for breach of promise, which represented morality she was anxious to escape, and she was too proud on her lost beauty and health and vanished prospects in her career, together with the expenses of hospital and surgeons for the rest of her life. The sum of \$500,000 is asked in her damage suit filed in the New York Supreme Court.

Relatively, the half-million being asked of young Plant and his mother—for she was made co-defendant in the suit since Plant is not yet of age—sounds more extravagant than it really is, since he is potential heir to an estimated \$15,000,000—at least one third of which Miss Jesmer would have been entitled to had she become his wife.

What will the jury decide—is half a million dollars a fit compensation for Helene Jesmer's ruined beauty? It will be an interesting case when it comes to trial.

Crushed Her Skull and Ruined Her Beauty Forever.

Another Photograph of Miss Jesmer Taken Just Before the Automobile Accident Which

Astonishing Confessions of Bogus Nobleman

**"Count Gregory," Impostor, Adventurer and Jailbird
Servant and Stable Boy, Is Welcomed by the Vans
and Astors, Marries a Rich American Wife, and Swindles
Blackmails and Robs His Admiring Patron**



Captain Steane, the last husband of poor Alma Hayne, gave this dramatic testimony of her tragic end:

"We returned from the ball soon after two-thirty in the morning. She went into her bedroom and soon called me. On entering the room I found her standing in front of the fireplace. I saw her put her hand to her mouth—then she drank a glass of water from the mantelpiece. I didn't realize what had taken place until she said, 'Tony, kiss me for the last time!'"

CHAPTER IV.

By "Count" Bernard Francis Seraph Gregory

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

IT is not easy to make money—if it were everybody would be rich. It is not easy to be a swindler—as a rule, the career of a swindler is very short.

And it was not easy for me to manage the situation I had created for pretty Alma Hayne and myself without a disaster. At the very outset I determined to maintain an attitude of profound respect and deference for Alma so far as I myself was concerned.

It must be remembered that I was playing the part of a member of the Austrian nobility. Not only did I have my own pretended dignity and social standing to maintain, but I must never forget for a moment that my friends looked upon "the Princess" as a genuine personage, with royal blood in her veins.

If I had treated Alma with flippancy, or been ronds in my never failing attitude of profound deference, my friends would have thought that there might be something wrong in the whole story, or that I was taking advantage of this princess in distress and taking liberties with her which I would never have thought of doing if she lived in the palace in Vienna.

Thus it was that I was very careful not to be seen alone with Alma at theatre, opera or restaurant. I was very careful not to be seen running in and out of her

And I realized that I must be equally careful to see that it did not become gossip about that "the Princess" was engaged in flirtations or intrigues. If I wanted it believed to be true, as I pretended, that there was a royal member of the Austrian nobility, it would spoil the whole fiction to have it whispered about that she was behaving in a very common way with rich men.

So when I found that the wealthy bank president, Mr. Hardy, was now completely infatuated with Alma, it became very important for her to protect her good name in every way while we were securing all that could be squeezed out of this rich old admirer.

Banker Hardy seemed to have less discretion than a man of his millions and position should have had.

Each morning on his way to his offices his motor car must draw up for half an hour at the home of the "Princess." At noon his chauffeur must bring him to the house that he might lunch with his "darling." He left his office regularly at 3 o'clock each afternoon. Until 4 or perhaps a little later his motor car again stood in front of her door.

Like most men who have been gallants in their younger days, he held onto youth with a desperate grip. And, like most old men who are smitten, he was inclined to go out of his mind with his attentions. That from a younger man would have been amusing compliments sounded like the ravings of senile hysteria coming from him. It was always been strange to me that so few men have any romantic sense of proportions when they grow a bit old.

To make matters seem more correct Alma announced to her friends that Banker Hardy had accepted the post of financial guardian for her. Upon this was compli-

mented. He was one of the financial powers of the city, known as one of the conservative group, and his apparent interest in her claim to Hapsburg royalty was an open sesame to many social doors, and his assumption of the financial control of her household was as a letter of credit to modistes, jewelers and motor car manufacturers.

Also, what was quite as much to the point, it threw the atmosphere of propriety around his frequent visits to the home of the pretty Mrs. Hayne. It was with considerable trouble that I kept a straight face, showing just the proper amount of enthused appreciation, when in the spacious drawing room of her mansion Alma confided to me, in the presence of Mr. Hardy, one evening, that she had undertaken to guide her through the negotiations she was then carrying on with the Austrian court and to back her financially, at the same time handling her own "poor" financial affairs—in fact, to assume all responsibilities of being her guardian.

"It is so sweet of the great big American banker, do you not think so?" asked Alma, looking her sweetest at the infatuated "guardian." "I hope you will help him, Count, with your inexhaustible knowledge of Austrian court affairs."

"Your highness, you need not hope—you have only to command, you know. I am an officer of the royal court, and it is my profoundest hope to see you before long one of its honored members."

"This is so sweet of you, of course, furnished a pretext for many meetings between me and the banker in the offices at his bank. I was careful that these visits should be observed. It was my habit to make an appointment with Mr. Hardy at his bank for, say, 11 o'clock, to discuss something of interest to the "Princess." At 10 I would breakfast with someone of consequence—Vanderbilt, for instance, or one of the McKays, or perhaps with some one who was an intimate of the Astors, and who could be depended upon to carry news about me.

Then at a quarter to eleven I would say: "Now, I must be excused. I have an engagement with my banker, Hardy, you know, at 11. If you are going I will have my chauffeur drop you off any place if you will let him drop me at the bank first."

Among a certain set of acquaintances such an advertisement as this carried great weight.

Alma's prestige drew about her a wide diversity of acquaintances. She learned to be such a charming con-

of honor at a reception given him by Mrs. William Astor, the acknowledged queen of "the 400."

But it required considerable funds to finance his social career among the fashionable American millionaires, and a careless little transaction about a forged check landed the "Baron Gruenebaum" in Blackwell's Island prison for ten months. This unfortunate set-back ended his career in New York for the time, and he returned to renew his conquests in London. To disentangle his name from the penitentiary record the "Baron Gruenebaum" now promoted himself to a higher title and changed his visiting card to read "Count Gregory."

The details of the magnificent "Count Gregory's" exploits in London and in Paris will all be told in these pages.

But it is the story of the impostor's latest visit to America that is the most extraordinary. For, in spite of his earlier spurge in New York, when Mrs. Astor, the social dictator, accepted him as "Baron Gruenebaum" and his sudden eclipse behind the prison walls of New York's famous penitentiary—in spite of all this, the audacious adventurer came back to America and managed to get into the very cream of select society as "Count Gregory."

This time the Vanderbilts were his closest friends, and there is scarcely a prominent man or woman listed in the Social Register whom the "Count" has not met or swindled. In fact, so well did this engaging jailbird succeed that he was welcomed in New York's most exclusive clubs, he was a central figure at the fashionable Madison Square Garden Horse Show, he entered his own string of horses at the Newport Horse Show, competing with the Vanderbilts and other multi-millionaire sportsmen, and won fourteen prizes in one exhibition.

Indeed, so thoroughly well did this bogus aristocrat play his part that he was persuaded to act as one of the Horse Show judges, and the American fashionables joyously accepted blue ribbons at his hands or with deferential humility bowed to his rulings against their pets in the ring.

Among other achievements the "Count" took on a rich American wife. The wedding which made a "Countess" of this enraptured bride was one of the social events of the season in New York, and will be described with intimate details of the ridiculous courtship by the "Count" himself.

There is a humorous side to this, of course—this blind, unquestioning adoration of a palace servant and stable boy because heaped the manners of the nobility and adorned himself with a bogus title. But another phase of the adventurer's activities is more sinister. His wicked scheme to lure an exceptionally pretty young wife to a wanton career, so that the "Count" might play his rich friends into his arms, to be plundered for his own financial benefit, and her ruin and suicide—this is the blackest chapter of his career.

All this will be told with entire frankness, from week to week on these pages, by "Count" Gregory himself.

versationalist and was such an apt pupil at court manners that she became greatly liked by the rather bohemian society set—Mrs. Whitney, young Mrs. Astor, Mrs. George Vanderbilt and a host of the foremost. Her afternoons were taken up with teas at the Plaza or the Ritz, or house functions, and her evenings were divided between the opera, where she was a familiar figure in the "diamond horseshoe," charity balls and exclusive little Fifth avenue gatherings.

Also she drew about her a circle of foreign "counts" and "barons"—most of them mere pretenders, such as I myself was—but with much less ability to carry on the pretense.

New York is the Mecca of self-appointed foreign noblemen. It is only necessary for a clever man with a foreign accent, real or assumed, to learn how to kiss a lady's hand and to practice this form of salutation at every introduction to a woman, for him to branch out as a count or a baron or a prince. American women know so little of the real foreign noblemen that they are easily fooled. That is, that sort of woman whom I call the "restaurant woman."

This "restaurant woman" is a distinctly American institution, a garish copy of the European demi-monde. True society, the society of gentility, birth and breeding, is as inaccessible in New York, as elsewhere, to the woman of questionable or no antecedents; whose family fortune is mysterious, or whose refinements and graces are mainly noticeable for their non-existence, that sort of woman, craving the satisfaction of public appearance in expensive gowns and the excitement of gay intercourse, must, perforce, look to the hotel restaurant and the "grill room" dance floor for her "society" amusement.

Thus we see in New York and in other Eastern cities in America great hotels mainly popular, not for their cooking or for their homeliness or the comforts they spread before the travelling guest, but for the patronage of their eating and dancing rooms—their "tea rooms" and their "supper rooms." In these places, with garish lights and impudent, over-wise waiters, with atrocious music and free and easy deportment tolerated, one may see at any time any evening thousands of over-dressed women, over-jewelled, their eyes restlessly roving as if in constant search of more excitement, their manner flagrantly offensive in its very "society"—all thinking they are of and in "society." Among these the man with the foreign

Who Preyed Upon Fashionable New York Society

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accent and the manner of kissing a lady's hand may flourish as count or baron or duke or prince. They have no knowledge of the Almanac de Gotha or of the ways of the real nobility. He who dances best is the best "count," and he who makes secret love with the greatest degree of fervency is most certainly the greatest "baron." That the majority of these impostors were once waiters, or at best household employes, like myself, never occurs to these fair worshippers, to whom flattery is the essence of their enjoyments and to whom the acquaintance of a nobleman is a splendid asset.

Many rather amusing situations have come about, even in the "best families," as the result of this American way of putting evidence in boasted claims to titles and foreign palaces. I shall tell later on of a beautiful daughter of one of the proudest of New York's millionaires, whose engagement to a baron ended quite a furore in society in New York, Newport and other social centres. Suddenly the engagement was broken, thus causing another busy wagging of tongues and much speculation, and the young lady went into retirement for a season—to happily marry afterwards and a plain American citizen. The "baron" went his way, unexpected, but distressing rumors were many—and true.

These "titled gentlemen," or the most of them, lead a precarious existence. Occasionally a jewel or a "loan" comes their way from some susceptible fair admirer, and this pays for the humble hall bedroom which usually is their domicile. They are dinner guests frequently, and thus maintain their well-to-do look. Their failures and their labors are not always so fortunate. It is their fatal error, as a rule, that they do not do as I did—build a bulwark behind them; attach themselves to a Vanderbilt or an Astor, and then scrupulously maintain their pose and their prosperity in the presence of these social sponsors—depending upon smaller fry for their sustenance.

As I said above, Mrs. Hayne, as the "Princess Alma," attracted scores of these posers about her. To obtain her recognition was a sort of passport to them, for none doubted the genuineness of Alma's pretensions. She kept open house for them, at my suggestion; they built around her a sort of atmosphere, and gave her practice in foreign manners. Also they gave her reason for additional drafts upon the open purse of Banker Hardy.

He met them all, and patronized them. He was keen enough to be somewhat doubtful of the claims of some of the impostors.

"But," persisted Alma, "one never knows who may be a friend at court, you know. Now, there is Count So and So. He is a silly creature, I grant you, but my dear, his family in Vienna is very powerful. They have cast him off, that is true, and he is penniless, but they still are his family—his relatives. They would resent it deeply if they discovered after my return to Vienna that I had slighted him. But if I favor him now they will feel it necessary to disown the relation, because he is one of theirs. So I really would like to loan him the five thousand dollars he needs—it will be returned with interest in influence from his family when I need them, if ever I do. Won't you loan it to me, dear, for him?"

Of course, Banker Hardy wrote another check for another five thousand dollars. The count in question had no family in Vienna; had no influence and never could be a friend in need—in fact, had not even thought to ask Alma for the \$5,000 she mentioned. He was satisfied to be received in such magnificent company, which helped him to maintain his own bogus claims and to have an occasional dinner. It was all a pretense of Alma's, and she divided the \$5,000 as mentioned. Other counts and other barons seemed always to need loans, and always Banker Hardy agreed—without ever thinking of asking a question about it later. So we made those impostors of mutual advantage.

I began early to teach Alma to be a horsewoman. She had a natural liking for horses, and soon learned to drive a coach and four with ease and dash. Her interest in driving brought her into contact with many rich men. Paul Sorg, the New York multi-millionaire, became very much interested in her. At the fashionable riding academy in New York and on the driving course at Newport she became a familiar figure. I pride myself when look-

OLD HAPSBURG
CURSE SEEN IN
STEANE DEATH

Life of Beautiful Young Woman
Who Killed Self Overhead
by Mother's Tragedy

Mrs. Alma Steane,
Suicide in London,
Believed American

Scotland Yard Says Beauty
Who Married Haps-
burg at Daughter
of

DEATH, AFTER BALL
OF MRS. STEANE IS
LONDON SENSATION

Moved in High So-
as Mrs. Havn
Before Marria
Under \$500



"The Princess" riding in Newport in carefully correct costume and mounted on one of my saddle horses.

Photographic fac-similes from some of the American newspapers at the time of Mrs. Alma Hayne-Steane's suicide, showing how the newspapers were still perplexed by the hokuspokus mystery which I had thrown around her pretended royal lineage

ing back on being able to say that "all New York was talking about" this petite, blue-eyed little woman who moved in the glamour of romance, tragedy and royalty.

Mr. Sorg then was the owner of a famous "four"—four horses, each broke, which had attracted attention and won many ribbons at all horse shows. These were "Volunteer," "Bobbie Burns," "Tom Mountain" and "Mountaineer." They had up to this time never won first prize, but because of their beauty and breeding had carried off many secondary ribbons, and were known as sure winners of some prize whenever exhibited. Mr. Sorg loved these horses and often consulted me about them. I drove them for him several times, once at Newport.

During an academy show in Brooklyn I suggested to him that it would be a pretty courtesy if he should ask the Princess Alma to drive the four on an exhibition. He was glad of the suggestion, and she won the first prize in the coach-and-four class. I am sure it was as much the striking picture she made in her perfect driving habiliments and her splendid handling of the double team that impressed the judges as the horses themselves.

That evening at a busy dinner at the St. George Hotel, in Brooklyn, at which Mr. Sorg was host and Alma the guest of honor he brought a gasp to all others present by suddenly lifting his glass and saying:

"We must toast the most beautiful horsewoman in the world—and with the toast drink to her success with the four most beautiful horses. For as a souvenir of today I hope she will accept from me the horses I have most prized."

Thus I became the owner of the four horses which later on broke the world's record for coaching and which gave me the honor of holding the coaching championship of the world—a championship that no one ever has taken from me. For, after all, giving them to Alma meant simply that he was giving them to me. I took possession of them, and although I drove them in her name until Mr. Sorg died, they were known as my horses, and with his death did become mine. They have drawn many of New York and Newport's most famous millionaires and society leaders on coaching trips up and down beautiful Fifth avenue, into the Catskills and through the Berkshires on trips of which I was the host.

It had been a part of my agreement with Alma that, she was not to spoil our plans by becoming infatuated with any of the men with whom I brought her in contact. I am satisfied this is the sort of a promise no man should exact of a woman and depend upon.

Alma was young; she became popular; she was the toast of many young men, some rich, some poor, but all impressionable. Only good fellows made up our list of friends. First, there was Major Lawton, of the Guard,



then attached to the Governor-General's staff in Bermuda. Major Lawton was then, and still is, one of the friends who always had remained true to me. He knows of my masquerade, and has extracted a great deal of amusement from it.

When he visited New York I presented him to the "Princess," telling him frankly that she was a hoax. He became much interested in her. It was not long before I observed too much interest in return upon her part. I took my friend to task, but he laughed at me. One morning I discovered that Alma had disappeared.

She had gone to Bermuda with Major Lawton. She knew she was sacrificing an income which then had reached, by the grace of Banker Hardy and a few other old money-bags whom she had captivated, thousands of dollars a week—half of which was mine. But it was always Alma's failing—that she was too inclined to follow her heart rather than her head.

As fast as I could I followed to Bermuda. I succeeded in persuading Major Lawton that he was doing me a very bad turn. When he realized how seriously he was breaking into my plans he blantly told Alma to go along back with me and keep her part in our iniquitous bargain. Banker Hardy was furious, but she succeeded in explaining to him, and he was pacified.

As a sign of his forgiveness Mr. Hardy bought for Alma a magnificent estate near fashionable Mt. Kisco. The house, the reproduction of an old English mansion, set in the midst of spacious grounds laid out in lawns, gardens, a tennis court and a golf links. Silent servants moved about the spacious halls, and in the commodious



A rather theatrical pose of pretty Alma Hayne. From a photograph taken in London.

The little son of Mrs. Hayne, whose fate and future I often wonder about.

garage there were automobiles of varied shades—to match the beautiful gowns Princess Alma so delighted in. Then there came across our path a young Yale student, Donald Shidels Andrews, son of a Cleveland (Ohio) mine owner. Young Andrews was a senior at Yale, and spent his weekends in New York. I forget who it was who brought him to Alma's home, but she was smitten by him at once—and with him it was a case of love at first sight.

I warned her one evening, after one of her closest friends, young Barney Shaw, whose home is on Fifth avenue, had left her in pique because she had slighted him for Andrews. But my warning fell on deaf ears. It was not long before I saw that she was rapidly falling deeply in love with the young Yale student, and that perhaps this time I would not be able to bring her back.

By this time she had brought to my pockets, I am sure, not less than \$100,000. Rich men seemed to vie with each other in giving her presents. After a while we made no effort to turn the jewels showered upon her into cash—I allowed her to keep them. But I could see that Banker Hardy would not survive another such blow as had been her temporary elopement to Bermuda.

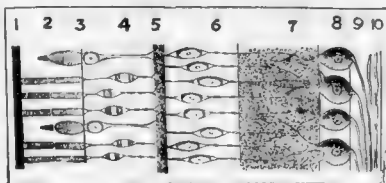
Alma, too, was tiring of being tied down to this old man. She wanted something of the freedom that youth demands. I began to believe it was time to end the relations with Mr. Hardy and look to other sources of prosperity. Alma agreed with me, readily, that it would be well to dispose of the banker and thus release her for more satisfactory endeavors. But before we let I in go we agreed that we would make one last squeeze for a good round sum.

I had at that time a very good friend—more or less a confidant—a young lawyer who owed his social position and professional successes to my interest in him. This was J. Campbell Thompson, quite well known later as a horseman and society favorite.

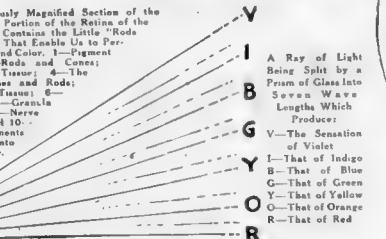
Acting under my thoughtful advice, Alma one morning picked a violent quarrel with her old admirer, the banker, and sent him away very angry. She then hurried down to Lawyer Thompson's office and reported to him. I sat in Mr. Thompson's office while he telephoned

Continued on Page

**and Even
Lead Us
to the
Divorce
Courts**



An Enormously Magnified Section of the Macula, the portion of the Retina of the Eye which Contains the Little "Rods and Cones" That Enable Us to Perceive Light and Color. 1—Pigment Layer; 2—Rods and Cones; 3—Nerve Tissue; 4—The Longer Cones and Rods; 5—Nerve Tissue; 6—Cones; 7—Granula Tissue; 8—Nerve Cells; 9 and 10—Nerve Filaments Leading Into Optic Nerve.



A "Color-Cure" Patient Being "Tapped" for Lines of Nervous Tension Which, When They Relax Under Certain Powerful Rays of Colored Lights, Guide the Physician to His Diagnosis of Disease

NOT long ago a distinguished physician, commenting in a medical journal upon a peculiar divorce case, which had come to his professional attention, said this of the wife: "The wife had not had her dinner room papered all in red this divorce would probably never have come about." This is a very good illustration of how exhausted the nerve endings in the retina are when whose work it is to convey to the brain the color sensation we call red. At night by bad arrangement of lighting. As a consequence, the tired retina affects the optic nerve, which in its turn set up a disturbance in the brain, and in the brain, this, in its turn, caused an irritation of the pneumogastric nerve which controls the stomach and upset the digestive system. The result was the physical changes in judgment and emotions which led to the divorce court.

"If it had not been for that red wall paper the divorce would not have happened and a happy wife today."

Everyone knows that hotel rooms are full, while others they are conscious of a feeling of freshness and irritation. The reason is that the air in the room "drives her crazy," and the guests find that she "could sit there forever." People do not know why such rooms affect them, but modern science, in studying the behavior of insects, has found mentally, has just made some very interesting and remarkable discoveries about this and other matters. The remarks of the two engaged girls can previously mentioned, it is now known that the same now says color plays in our lives.

In order to understand how color can so strongly influence people, we must first see what science has comparatively recently discovered color to be. All objects are covered by light rays which have different bodies, such as the sun and stars, send out light. Non-luminous bodies, like the moon, reflect light from the sun. We call light moving through space at the rate of 187,000 miles a second.

As the retina of the human eye is lit up, or aroused, by the light rays, roughish shape, is called the rods and cones. These rods and cones are nervous fibers which carry the impression of light to the brain. It takes time for the light to reach the eye. In fact, it takes about 30 millionths of a second for the light to reach the eye. They perceive it without delay. But the cones, which are 7,000-60 in number, per-

The reason for this seems to be as follows: The waves of light are made up of different lengths. For instance, the distance between the crests of the waves of a longer color than the violet is shorter than the distance between the crests of the waves of a shorter color. If the waves are short and close together and if another color with longer waves is in the same wave length, the shorter and the longer waves would all be broken up like the crests and troughs.

Now science has found that light waves 1-41000 of an inch in length—that is 1-41000 of an inch between their crests—can create the sensation of violet. These can be compared with the crests of waves on the sea. The length of a 38000 of an

hills rise rise to the sensation of red, and these can be compared to the slow, long rollers Wave fourth between these two gave us the other colors. By holding a three-cornered piece of glass or prism and letting a ray of sun light fall through it you can separate the light ray into these waves and get all the colors of the rainbow, which is nothing but similar rays being split up against a background of cloud by millions of raindrops.

Among the 7,000 God came in the retina of the eye are certain ones which are "tuned" to different wave lengths of light. Some of them record only the red, some the green, etc. The recording is the ability to respond to a certain number of heat

When the brain receives the fact that the color of the object is red, it sends a nerve impulse to the color center of the brain, which is registered there as what we call violet. When the light waves which are only 1-360,000 of an inch but their vibration upon certain cones in the eye, these send the nerve impulse which we call the color red. The cones which respond to the green or violet, for instance, are called green or violet, for instance. Nor do these others register red.

And here we have the explanation of the color of the object which do not perceive the color red or green, for instance, the cones which are supposed to register the number of strokes are either absent

It is not so plain that he understood how closely related to the machinery of the eye color is and how this machinery can be made to work in such a way that everything which will disturb the working of the little cone and up-stem, as the retina, will be able to be seen in the whole physical system.

Let there enter another strong thing in the eye, a continuous object-absorbent and throw back a certain number of these light waves. An object which throws back all is white. The eye is red and the light waves which are reflected back of light and throws them back, any object is a certain color not because it is a certain color, but because it reflects the light waves which produce the sensation we call that color. If you will think of the eye as a certain color, each element has no red rays that will be back.

It is the ability to absorb certain rays of light and throw back others also has its effects modern science believes, upon the

Photograph of a Patient in a Color-Cure-Hospital Being Treated With Powerful Color Rays and Inhaling Thoroughly Sterilized Air

Professor M. Luckiesh, the distinguished American physicist, who is perhaps the greatest expert upon color on this side of the Atlantic, records some interesting experiments upon the effect of color upon physical and mental efficiency.

"Pore studied," he says, "the effect of colored light upon muscular activity. In ordinary light this muscular activity was found to be 23 units. It increased to 24 units for blue light; to 28 for green light; to 30 for orange light; and to 32 units, respectively, for orange and red light."

Barney found that after subjecting a person to a given color for five minutes he could detect differences in the efficiency of his memory, mental work, and so on. He found subjects with pronounced intelligence factors who were able to do more work in a given time under one color than under another. One of one subject might take 20 per cent more time under blue light than under orange light. The work of many of another subject showed a marked improvement under a certain color. The work of a third subject was uniform with green light, slower with blue light and decidedly quicker under red light. The work of a fourth was strongly improved under red light.

With violet light, both mental and physical

Not only wall paper, the draperies and hangings of our home may and do have pronounced effects upon our health, but the color of our clothing as well. Not only the light rays of colors reflected from our clothes, but the colors of our clothes absorb heat, and this is, our citizens absolutely important to us, science believes.

Before the war the German dye makers had a monopoly of world trade. But since the war the American dyes have forged ahead and most of our fabrics, wallpapers, etc., etc., are now colored with American-made dyes. We are no longer dependent on foreign dyes. Here would be a great

opportunity for the American dye makers to consider and to solve the relationship of colors to our health, comfort and temperaments. Dyes are nothing but substances which have the power of making fabrics absorb and throw back color waves just as the flowers do. A branch of the American dye industry might very well and profitably take up the science of healthful colors in clothes.

The solid parts of a human body are composed of 65 per cent water, 11 per cent hydrogen, 14.4 per cent carbon, 25 per cent nitrogen and 72 per cent oxygen, while the fluids are 92 per cent water, 6 per cent hydrogen, 10 per cent mole is calcium and another 1 per cent phosphorus, while the role remaining is made up of 100 different elements. No other element in the world, of which are present there are known to be nearly as many as in the human body. It is not known whether vegetable or animal, is but the evolution of elements organized by the sun's rays, given off by the sun and oceans, waves of light.

"Radiant energy is the source of all energy, and every element absorbs and emanates this energy. Nothing could grow without it. This is the most obvious possible fact. But few people link food, medicine or anything else they take into their system directly with the radiant energy that a average person on a low level or in a cage can't obtain. He drinks radiant energy and breathes it, and he will laugh at you. Yet this is precisely what he does do. He eats cereals, fruits, vegetables, meats, drinks water, milk, and breathes gases, all of which are composed of elements energized and brought into being by radiant energy."

"Furthermore, tell him that he eats, drinks and breathes color and he will laugh at you still harder. But explain that that vegetable he is eating—spinach, for instance—is composed of iron, oxygen and other elements in proportion, which absorb a preponderance of a radiant energy wave recognized by the human eye as green, and you will begin to command his attention.

troscopy he will learn that every element—hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, copper or what not—absorbs and emanates various divisions of the radiant energy; for instance, hydrogen absorbs the red rays in the order of these elements here mentioned, that is, hydrogen absorbs and emanates the red rays, carbon the red rays, carbon the yellow, and so on.

And inasmuch as the body is but a conglomeration of these elements, the red rays, alas, he will be interested to know what particular waves of radiant energy he is emitting, and how he can balance the radio-absorptive and radio-emanative powers of these elements, so that he can detect the elements detected and dissipated by focusing certain color waves on certain areas of the body.

"Normally, the functioning of a human

body may be likened unto rhythmic vibrations of a well-tuned piano. If one key is out of tune, harmony is impossible—it takes the whole gamut of attuned sound vibrations to produce what we comprehend as music. Similarly, every organ of your body has to be in harmonic vibration if it is possible to achieve a rhythmic tone of health. Health means the normal balance of radiant energy divisions. When they become unbalanced, out of vibration or proportion, that means 'dis-ease'. It is then necessary to bring these vibrations back into normal relation with each other—so much of the red wave lengths, so much

Diagram showing How the Color Rays Can Upset the Digestion and General Health.—A—Rays of Light Entering the Eye and Being Sent as Light and Color Impressions Along the Optic Nerve (1) to the Visual Cortex of the Brain. B—The Rods and Cones (B) in the Retina of the Eye. 2—The Visual Centre of the Brain Where Color Conceptions Are Formed. 3—The Vagus Nerve (3) Which Conveys Pneumogastric Nerves (4) Which Convey Stimulating or Depressing Messages to the Stomach (5) and Heart (6). The Nerves Which Stimulate the Salivary Glands (3). C—The Vagus Nerve (3) Which Conveys the Rays Which Upset the "Rods and Cones" Set Up a Sympathetic Disturbance of the Pneumogastric Nerve and So Derange the Whole Digestive System and the Heart as Well.

blue, green, scarlet and so on—before the person can regain vibrational harmony

"That is the whole secret of color healing. One color wave after another is focused upon the patient. By certain signs the diagnostician can tell when the proper color has been used to neutralize the disease or to bring up affected parts of the body. The colorist can tell the different colors and combinations that will affect different combinations of color waves have to be focused on the patient. By an enormous series of experiments a color-pharmacopia has been worked out. Certain cancers respond, for instance, to waves of burnt orange light; malaria to combinations of blue and red; epilepsy to violet and orange, and so on.

"Every disease and complication of disease in the human system being the result of an abnormal rate of vibration, they are amenable to and are dissipated by a specific wave or combination of waves of color."

"Up to prevent upward of two hundred colored waves have been worked out and with these two hundred waves and a half million different combinations there are five hundred different color combinations as he made."

The designer of dyes, it is stated by the physician quoted that the constituents of the dye has an actual effect upon the quality of the hair, and that the hair is affected by the object dyed. He cites the case of a mother who brought a child to him, whose hair was so thin and brittle that she came so nervous and fearful that one could neither eat nor sleep. The child looked ill, and the mother said that she had seen some of her dress that caught his trained eye.

Questioning showed that the child's mother had worn black and white dresses and that the dress, which had been brought from Germany, had been put on her about six months before the child was born. So it could not be the color itself that had

"Take that dress off her and put her in a blue dress made in America," he bade the mother. The child, after a few hours, became normal, according to the doctor. It was something in the foreign dye that had subtly altered the color vibrations which passed through to the little body and upset the balance of her nerves.

Cleopatra Would Ride in a Car To-day

And Ask for Mineralava
Read Why Below



By VERNON RADCLIFFE

CLEOPATRA, the beautiful, the magnificent, would never be satisfied with ancient Egyptian methods of conveyance, were she privileged to live to-day. In place of her chariot, she would speed in a car. In place of her famous barge with chanting slaves, she would own a yacht. And is there any reason to suppose that she would continue the use of ancient soaps, creams and lotions for the complexion, when modern life offers something so much better?

The Menace of Fading Beauty

The life to-day of trains and motor cars and dusty city streets is different from the indolent age of Cleopatra. To-day, the trains roar back and forth into the cities belching smoke and dust. The streets throb continuously from the exhausts of jamming motor cars. The factories send up clouds of sooty vapor which seep down in gritty particles. All this dirt and dust becomes a part of the complexion, forcing itself deep down into the pores.

It is these impurities lodged at the very bottom of the pores, which cause practically all complexion blemishes—blackheads, dry skin, enlarged pores, oily skin, pimples and sallowness.

The care of the complexion has become increasingly necessary, increasingly hard. Beauty has been fading earlier and earlier.

Your Skin Must Breathe

A skin cannot be healthy, a complexion cannot be beautiful, if clogged pores do not

permit the skin to breathe, to eliminate, to throw off impurities. When these pores are free and functioning, the complexion has a natural glow. When they are clogged, fermentation sets in, the face sinks into sallowness, and wrinkles and blemishes. With all the lotions that you put on, is there any assurance of this foreign matter coming out—that tired Nature can expel the added burden in the pores?

Yet these impurities *must* come out. Nothing put on the face can possibly be of benefit if the pores beneath are clogged, and to-day they are clogged as they never were before.

Old Treatments Fail

Women have turned in desperation to massage, the vigorous action of human hands. But unscientific face massage has made more old women than age. Under guise of a benefit it is a wholesale destroyer of beauty. To parboil your skin with half scalding water, and knead and maul the muscles of your face is bound to be injurious. A minute's thought will tell you so. It stands to reason that it breaks down tissue. Massaging will not even cleanse properly, that is down to the bottom of the pores. It merely slicks off the surface. It does not remove dirt, foreign substances and impurities from the place where they do the real damage—down below the surface of the skin. Your Beauty Specialist will tell you so.

Vivaudou's Discovery

Very recent has been the complete change in beauty method by the best specialists and

parlors. Victor Vivaudou, famous perfumer, discovered that the best Beauty Shops in this country were using a preparation so wonderful and immediate in its effects upon the complexion, that he arranged for its sole distribution in the home. He says, "Here in America, I have found the one thing which ladies in Paris and all over the world have yearned for—a care of the complexion which is at once natural, convenient and successful—MINERALAVA.

"I have seen its amazing benefits—its amazing success. It is delightful to use. No more wonderful contribution to comfort and cleanliness has ever been devised!"

Answers Modern Needs

Mineralava is the one way to a good complexion—the *only* way—so startling so revolutionary in idea, so different from any treatment that you have known that you cannot afford not to know it—to try it.

Instead of being just one more thing to put on the face, to rub in the face, leading to the accumulation of grease and impurities in the pores, Mineralava takes out! It cleanses the clogged pores—washes off and is gone, all in twelve minutes.

What Mineralava Does

Mineralava, Nature's Beauty Clay, originated by Mrs. M. G. Scott and perfected by her through 23 years of scientific research and experiment, is applied wet to the face, neck and hands, and accomplishes two important results—impossible with other preparations. It draws impurities from the pores and it tightens sagging muscles.

As it dries it contracts, and you can feel its medicinal ingredients penetrating the depths of the pores. You can feel it withdrawing all foreign matter, leaving the pores free and clean.

You can feel the wrinkles being smoothed out. You can feel the flabby skin being made tight and

firm. You can feel the cleansing purifying blood tingling through each tiny vein. When Mineralava is thoroughly dry, cold water easily removes it.

Mineralava, Cold Water, Face Finish

Immediately, a blooming youthfulness glows and radiates from the cheeks. The long stifled face pores breathe again.

Mineralava Face Finish is a necessary skin food and tonic, acts as a mild bleach and forms a perfect base for your face powder. It has an amazing benefit because you can apply it at the proper time, after the pores are cleansed.

Lasting results follow from the use of Mineralava, the cleanser, Cold Water, the invigorant, and Face Finish, the food—in combination.

Lasting Beauty of Complexion

Continue this treatment twice a week and we guarantee, whether you are sixteen or sixty, a beautiful complexion as long as you live. No blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, or blemishes of all kinds—striking in its lasting youthfulness.

Ask for Mineralava TO-DAY

Go to your druggist to get Mineralava today and ask for the two best—Mineralava Beauty Clay and Mineralava Face Finish—these are the best beauty treatments ever known. You have never had a better one, since you can now use it at once. If your druggist or department store is without them, fill out the coupon below to Mrs. Scott. You may try Mineralava Beauty Clay at once by enclosing 35¢ with the coupon for a demonstration tube.

Manufacturer's Note: Mineralava contains absolutely nothing which can harm the most delicate skin. We guarantee it, and will refund your money if you are not satisfied after one treatment. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 6 East 37th St., New York City.

Men—Ask Your Barber

Face cleanliness is easy as shaving, and as necessary to the well groomed man. The best barbers now use Mineralava in place of massage.



Mineralava

"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK
Distributor

INTRODUCTORY OFFER—
Two Mineralava treatments
in tube sent postpaid for 25¢.

Mrs. M. G. Scott,
Scott's Preparations, Inc.
6 East 27th St., New York, N. Y.

I am interested in Mineralava and would like to have you advise me where I may obtain it in this locality.

Enclosed find 25¢ (stamp) (You do not need to send demonstration tube of Mineralava sufficient for two full treatments.)

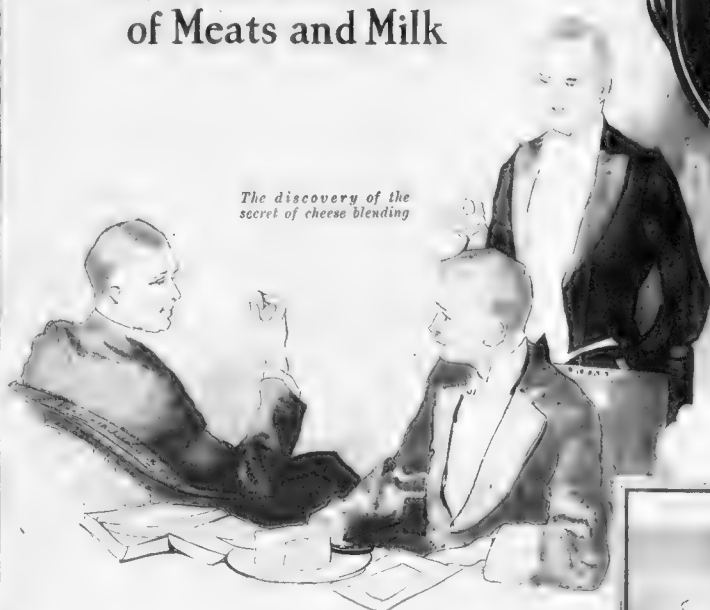
Name
Street
Town

The druggist nearest me is

A Modern Miracle

As Marvelous Even as
Burbank's Wonderwork with
Fruits, Vegetables and Flow-
ers, or the Preservation
of Meats and Milk

The discovery of the
secret of cheese blending



This is the final product—the last word in cheese—the
Kraft blended loaf. Kraft Cheese is never placed on the
market until scientific cheese-making says it should be—
when it is thoroughly cured and ripened.

Each Kraft Loaf Cheese weighs five pounds—sold by
the slice, pound or loaf. No rind—no waste—IS ALL
CHEESE. It is wrapped in tinfoil, which prevents it
from drying out—and absolutely free from preservatives

For years men have tried to pro-
duce, from day to day, cheeses
exactly alike—with the same tex-
ture and flavor. They have been
unsuccessful because of forces be-
yond their control.

Cheese is the most temperamental
food in the world—a perfect flavor
most elusive.

The desired result was never ob-
tained because the methods were
wrong. It remained for Kraft to
discover the answer to the secret—
by blending—a very simple yet a
very wonderful method. All Kraft
Cheese is blended.

Few people really guess the full
significance of "blended" when ap-
plied to cheese.

Blending of coffee or tea is al-
ways employed to produce a par-
ticular individual flavor.

But still more important in
cheese making, it is the only
method by which a perfect, uni-
form, and unvarying flavor and
quality can be secured.

Six years ago, when Kraft in-
vented the process of marketing
cheese in tins, there was given to the
world for the first time a perfect

cheese flavor which once and for-
ever took the chance of disappoint-
ment out of cheese buying. The
success of Kraft Cheese in tins is
told by the immense volume of its
daily consumption in every corner
of the globe.

Now comes this second great
Kraft achievement, even more
revolutionary, Kraft Loaf Cheese—
really a modern miracle, for it gives
the same uniform flavor and per-
fection of quality to cheese in bulk
form that distinguishes Kraft
Cheese in tins.

Already it has reached the enor-
mous sale of more than 2,000,000
pounds a month. For the first time
in the history of cheese marketing,
you are absolutely insured against
disappointing quality when you de-
mand Kraft Loaf Cheese.

There is no rind, no waste. Each
loaf has a protecting wrapper of tin-
foil which bears the Kraft brand;
and it comes in an individual box.

Buy it by the slice, pound or loaf
at about the price of the best bulk
cheese. Kraft Loaf Cheese is made
in three varieties—American Ched-
dar, Pimento and Swiss.



The nature of each cheese is readily determined by laboratory
analysis. What one lacks another cheese contains. Kraft takes
hundreds of thousands of selected country cheeses, from many
localities, and by blending them produces the perfect unvarying
flavor. As a result, the Kraft blended loaf cheese with its rind and
waste has passed. The Kraft scientific loaf cheese has taken its
place. The sole secret of the perfect cheese flavor is the blending.

Read This

Harvey W. Wiley, M. D. Ph.D.

Director of Food, etc.
U. S. Department of Agriculture
Formerly U. S. Food Commissioner
"Experimental studies have shown that
in a well ripened American Cheese of
the Cheddar type, 94% of the protein
present and 90% of the fat are di-
gested. *Food St. Foods and their
Adaptation*
Issue of January 11, 1920

Dr. W. A. Evans

How to Eat, etc.
"This is not a surprising exception,
that, being concentrated, it is low in
water. It should be eaten completely be-
fore reaching the lower bowel. In no
proper sense is cheese constipating."
Issue of January 11, 1920

Dr. C. Houston Gould

Food St. Foods and their
Adaptation
"Given its proper place in the diet,
cheese is one of the most nourishing,
healthful and gratifying of foods.
Whether eaten raw or carefully cooked
it is as thoroughly digested as other
staple foods and is not likely to pro-
duce physiological disturbances."

Mrs. Anna B. Scott

Food St. Foods and their
Adaptation
"I cannot say that I have ever
known a more nourishing and healthful
food than cheese. It is the most con-
centrated form of nutriment, containing
about three times the food value of
the average of most foods. Cheese
is not the ideal food value of milk
because it is digested chiefly in the
intestines—this is true in a much
larger degree than of meat—when you
eat cheese as a meat substitute you
relieve the stomach of a certain amount
of work."

U. S. Department of Agriculture

Food St. Foods and their
Adaptation

"In other words cheese compares
favorably with other foods in thorough
ness of digestion—that is, in the per-
centage finally absorbed. Further-
more it does not cause constipation or
other physiological disturbances."
Issue of January 11, 1920

Dr. C. G. Grullee

Food St. Foods and their
Adaptation
"Meat may be given to advantage as
early as a year and a half of age.
Cheese may take the place of meat
and is a very valuable food."
Issue of June 4, 1921



KRAFT Loaf Cheese

American Cheddar, Pimento and Swiss

J. L. KRAFT & BROS. CO., 402 Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.—Also manufacturers of KRAFT CHEESE (Edmore) IN TINS—8 varieties, MACARONI and CHEESE.

ADDRESS—

J. L. KRAFT & BROS. CO.
402 Rush St., Chicago, Illinois

If you wish to test the supreme flavor of this perfect cheese
send twenty-five cents in coin or stamps and we will gladly
send you a miniature loaf (a meal for a family) by pre-
paid parcel post

Name (Write name plainly)

Street and Number
City State

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Prezone" on an aching corn, instantly the corn stops hurting. Then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Prezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without surgery or irritation.

"Danderine"

Grows Thick, Heavy Hair
35-cent Bottle Ends All Dandruff,
Stops Hair Coming Out



Ten minutes after using Danderine you can find a single trace of dandruff on the scalp. It will wash away and you will be left with a fine, soft, wavy hair. Danderine is the only hair restorer that grows new hair. It does so by stimulating the hair follicles. It is the only hair restorer that grows new hair. It does so by stimulating the hair follicles. It is the only hair restorer that grows new hair. It does so by stimulating the hair follicles.

Dyed Her Tan Skirt to Make Child a Dress

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade or run.

Diamond Dyes



Astonishing Confessions of a Bogus Nobleman Who Preyed on Fashionable New York Society

(Continued From Pages 10 and 11.)

To the banker, "I am J. Campbell Thompson. Mr. Hardy," he said over the wire, "and I am replying to Mrs. Alma Hayne. I believe it would be advisable for you to come down to my office immediately. I have a very important client to see, a Mrs. Alma Hayne, who is so intent on bringing an action which I think should be avoided."

The banker understood. I think, perhaps, he had undergone similar experiences before. In twenty minutes he walked into the office, very nervous, very excitable and very meek. Alma sat in an inner room. Mr. Thompson escorted Mr. Hardy into still another room. Shutting the door, the lawyer, coming directly to the point, said:

"Mr. Hardy, we could talk this matter over for two hours, and at the end of that time I would have said but one thing and that one thing would be that my very unreasonable client insists on having \$100,000 in cash, today, before the bank closes."

I never heard such a blunt statement in my life.

I could not see the banker, but I could hear his heavy breath coming in gasps. I could "feel" his nervous hands twitching and his fingers opening and closing. There was a loud alarm for a moment, and then the banker shouted:

"What does this mean?"

Calmly, quietly, in a dreadful monotone Mr. Thompson replied:

"Just what I said, Mr. Hardy. Would you prefer to discuss the matter with my client? It will cost you \$100,000 each, today, before 2 o'clock, or she threatens a suit tomorrow."

"Which will cost your position at the bank and disrupt your income from an adjoining room."

Hardy listened with distressed surprise. Lawyer Thompson closed the door again, which Alma had already opened a bit.

"Where's Count Gregory?" the banker suddenly asked.

"In the other room. Shall I call him in?"

The banker did not reply. He saw at once that he was beaten. I think he began to understand something of the relations between me and the "Princess."

After a moment he said:

"Alma! guarantee have it!"

Thompson returned.

"Some whatever. You gambled when you entered into your association with the young woman. She has nothing to lose and all to gain. You have everything to lose and nothing to gain. You must gamble further—she will be on the square. I might say that I rather think, she will be."

Hardy got up out of his chair. He was sure now, and banged his chair to the floor. To save a bit, said some important things about me, and stormed out of the office.

A few minutes before 2 o'clock a messenger from the bank appeared with a rather thick envelope. It was addressed to Mr. Thompson. It contained one hundred new thousand dollar bills.

Alma leaped onto Lawyer Thompson's desk and danced. I threw my cane into the air and forgot, for the moment, that I was "Count Bernard Gregory, scion of eighteen noble ancestors, related to the Hapsburgs and a friend of the Crown Prince."

Alma was glad to be freed from what had been a golden millstone about her neck, and I was glad of my share of this \$100,000 cash.

The next day Alma left her country estate, taking with her more than thirty trunks of jewels and rare mosaics which the banker had shovelled upon her after she had expressed an appreciation of them.

It was only a few days later that the newspapers carried the account of the unannounced wedding of young Donald Shields Andrews and the "Princess Alma" in a little church at Mamaroneck, just outside New York. Banker Hardy was never heard from. He could not have afforded to do otherwise than to pay the \$100,000. Bankers are peculiarly susceptible to ridicule and scandal. Besides, he was the father of a family and possessed a devoted wife, and was a member of the Tattersall, Barker and Tombs Automobile and Yale Clubs.

Alma went to Europe, her young husband sacrificing his last year at Yale. In London he learned very quickly that her pretense of nobility was a fabrication. She maintained the hoax to the end, and there were many who believed her, but her husband was keen enough to attach the proper significance to the absence of real American noblemen. He divorced her in London.

Alma now went for the last time to London's half world. I think

the loss of her second husband was a great shock to her. Many young men made love to her, among them two young Oxford students of aristocratic parentage. The parents of these two boys hired private detectives to guard their offspring from her, and there was great amusement in London when the story of these precautions against the smiles of this alien became known.

She became noted for her artistic and luxurious dressing, and was a familiar figure at smart dinners and dances. Her purse always was open, and it was much of a mystery as to where those funds came from. She was especially popular among officers of the Guards, and it was from one of those she chose her third husband—Captain Arthur Steane.

Soon after their marriage Captain Steane resigned his commission. He went in for the same sort of life his wife had become accustomed to, and was apparently happy with her until the night of the second great Victory Ball at Claridge's, in London, on November 11, 1919, seven months after their marriage.

The next morning after the ball London was shocked to read in its morning newspapers that the beautiful Alma Hayne-Andrews Steane, "Princess Alma" had committed suicide an hour after leaving the ball on the arm of her husband.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

In his testimony before the London Coroner's Jury Captain Steane, the last husband of the poor girl, gave this dramatic testimony of her tragic end:

"We returned from the ball room after midnight in the morning. She went into her bedroom and soon called me. On entering the room I found her standing in front of the fireplace. I saw her put her hand to her mouth—then she drank a glass of water from the mantelpiece. I didn't realize what had taken place until she said, 'Tony, kiss me for the last time.'"

I heard from some of my friends in London that when she was dying she whispered something 'about Count Gregory. I always have wondered what it was—whether it was her gratitude for the life I had opened up to her or whether it was a parting curse for the part I had played."

So persisting had been her claim to kinship with Crown Prince Rudolph and the Hapsburgs that in 1917 the Austrian Government saw fit to issue a court announcement stating that no child had been born to the unfortunate Crown Prince and his baroness, thus taking official cognizance of the result of the part made between Alma and myself in the little hotel room in Toronto.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

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Insures results
Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a high-grade laboratory product produced by expert chemists. It is uniform, dependable and efficient. Each bottle is of standardized quality.

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Take no chances
Insure the future of your hair by using only Mary T. Goldman's and first prove what we say is true by accepting our free trial offer.

This test will show you how to have beautiful, evenly colored hair the rest of your life, absolutely natural in appearance and texture.

What this safe restorer is
A clear, colorless liquid,

clean and pure as water—no relation whatever to the crude dyes which stain and rub off, and are likely to streak and discolor your hair.

It is easily applied and you can do it yourself—no professional skill required. You simply comb it through the hair and watch the gray disappear and the natural color return.

You can shampoo as usual—there is nothing to wash off. Your hair is soft, fluffy and silky, a pleasure to curl and dress.

4 to 8 days
The restoration is gradual when you use Mary T. Goldman's—no sudden transformation to attract the notice and comment of your friends.

It takes from 4 to 8 days before the restoration is

complete. By this time the gray all disappears and the natural color returns.

Mail coupon today
If your hair is just starting to turn gray, now is the time to restore it and prevent further changing. If you are already quite gray, learn how you can bring the becoming youthful color back.

Acceptance of the free trial offer puts you under no obligation—it only teaches you how to restore your gray hair safely and surely when you want to. So fill out the coupon carefully, and if possible enclose a lock of hair in your letter. The trial bottle and application comb, also free, will be sent by return mail.

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St. Paul, Minn.

Sunday American-Examiner Patterns



A PRETTY GUIMPE (3501). The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 2½ yards of 44-inch material.

A POPULAR STYLE WITH NECK FINISHES (3750). It is cut in 8 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. To make this style for a 38-inch size will require 2½ yards of 44-inch material.

A BEARING HOUSE DRESS (3750). The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material.

DOLLY'S NEW DRESS (3757). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: For dolls, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in length, and will require ½ yard of 21-inch material for an 18-inch size.

DANITY SET FOR THE BOUTIQUE (3750). Includes three pieces. It is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. The Cap No. 1 will require ¾ yard of 21-inch material.

inch material. No. 2 will require ¾ yard. One pair of slippers will require ¾ yard for a medium size.

AN "EASY TO MAKE" APRON (3400) is illustrated in this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, medium, large and extra large. A medium size will require 2½ yards of 27-inch material.

A SIMPLE PROCK FOR SCHOOL OR PLAY (3756). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 inches. A 6-inch size will require 2½ yards of 27-inch material.

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The natural color of my hair is
black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name.....
Street.....
Town.....
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